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Cover painting by Thomas Shoemaker

Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for 2 or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Second class mail privileges authorized at St. Paul, Minn. Copyright 1957 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U.S.A.

Send Subscriptions to this address:

2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.
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ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.
 BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest and Ecclesia, Ploegstraat 23, Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Visier, Rokin 60, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herstattstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digest Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.

BRILLE EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15. \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to addressees given, not to St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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By Kathryn Hulme
Condensed from "The Sign"*

A Candle for My Mother

It led the author of 'The Nun's Story' to refreshment, light, and peace



THE PECULIAR reticence that so many Protestants feel when speaking of religious matters lingers shadowlike in my emotions as I begin this sketch of the steps that led to my conversion. It was only five years ago that I made the final step which separated me from the 400 years of Protestantism preceding it; and the atavism of shyness before God, like the behavior patterns of an old dog persists.

I know now, of course, that I did not make that final step or any of the others leading up to it, that I decided nothing. The steps were decided in and for me by the blessed Lord, who perhaps took pity on my spiritual loneliness and one day called, "Come home."

The day when I think I heard that call was not Aug. 4, 1951, in St. Francis Xavier parish of Phoenix, Ariz., when I stood with my sponsor and two friends beside a marble baptismal font and was received by a Jesuit Father into the Church. It was, I think (for who can really say *I know*?) a day sev-

eral years earlier and many thousands of miles distant from the place of my Baptism. And the call was no mysterious summons from pointless space, but the ring of a telephone bell, followed by the familiar voice of my sister in California speaking to me in Germany, telling me that my beloved mother had died that day.

I was in Würzburg, Bavaria. I had been overseas for almost five years, working with the UN relief teams in the Displaced Persons branch, helping to clean up the human debris of a war that had been a civilian catastrophe. I had shared every phase of that immense heart-break work with my mother, in letters which were later to become the basis for a book I was going to write. In fury and frustration and often at white heat, I had poured out for her alone the story of "man's inhumanity to man," which was not a cliché then, but a visual actuality recorded daily with hammer blows on all five senses.

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. February, 1957. © 1957 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

My mother was my source of comfort in the world outside that sad, refugee-filled U.S. Zone of Occupation, an unfailing fount of sympathy, encouragement, and love. Often I shared her letters with teammates, French and Belgian mainly, who had been orphaned by the war. When I gave her their names and a thumbnail sketch of their situations, she remembered them in her Christmas boxes, which were always filled with the specialties of San Francisco's Chinatown. "To bring the breath of San Francisco to my girls," she wrote.

I remember how I stared at the huge emigration chart in my office, seeing all its statistical peaks and dips in double, hearing still my sister's voice saying, "You must not cry, dear. She died peacefully in her sleep." But I knew, because my mother had once confided it to me, that she had been afraid of death.

My grief sharpened as I remembered her fear. A sudden passionate desire swept over me to help her somehow, help her over that lonely journey back to her Maker which she had always called tremulously "the crossing over." I wanted to help her with something more than the formless personal prayers I sometimes whispered in moments of crisis, with prayers composed of words not of my subjective choosing. I needed words that had the weight of ancient authority and, most of all, a proper frame for

their utterance. If I were a Catholic, I thought. They had a Mass for the Dead

It was not strange for me to have thought just then of a Catholic observance. Before the war I had traipsed as a tourist in and out of Catholic churches all over France and Italy, seeking the art treasures they contained. Often there was a Mass being said, at some main altar that had a bas-relief mentioned in Baedeker, or in some side chapel where perhaps a glowing Raphael was hung. And I had waited until the Mass ended, watching the people kneeling and rising, and wondering what it was all about.

The beauty of it I could see with my own two eyes—candlelight on embroidered vestments and the slow studied gestures of the priest as he raised the golden chalice. Sometimes, to be inconspicuous, I had knelt with the praying people and once, in St. Peter's in Rome, I had dropped some *lire* into a small tin box and had lit a candle for my mother before the altar that contained Michelangelo's matchless sculpture, the *Pietà*. She had been a little shocked when I wrote home about it, but only because she thought I might have been trespassing in places where I did not belong, save as a respectful tourist.

I wished now with a terrible ache that I might "trespass" again. Würzburg had been the seat of a bishopric since 741 A.D., and there were many beautiful old Catholic

altars still left intact, despite the pattern bombing at the end of the war which had reduced that queen of baroque cities to a shambles in 29 minutes. I knew all the churches that had Riemenschneider carvings and Grünewald paintings; I often drove the French and Belgian girls of my team to them for Sunday Mass, since I had a rank in the outfit which entitled me to a car of my own.

"Come in with us, Miss Hulme," they always pleaded, and I always shook my head. My furtive flirtation with the beauties of a Church so justly called "the mother of the arts" was not, I felt, anything to be exposed to Catholic eyes.

I didn't know where to turn as I sat at my desk thinking of my galling little mother making her "crossing over" all alone. I longed to have music, prayers, and candlelight about her. Marooned in the middle of Catholic Bavaria, I realized that the only Church that could give what I wished for my mother was the Catholic Church.

I thought once of the social hall on the military post, which was used as a church by all the Protestant sects in turn each Sunday. In the starkness of its furnishings, it differed little from my office, save that it contained more folding chairs. Even had I wished to go there, I'd have found it locked on weekdays. Only Catholic churches remained open continuously, I thought jealously. Only the Church

to which I did not belong, the Church from which my forefathers withdrew en masse some 400 years ago for reasons peculiar to them and to their times, but incomprehensible to me now as I sat there crying for beauty in the place where I must pray for her who loved beauty so.

In my heart of hearts, I knew what I *really* wanted. I wanted the moon. I wanted a Mass said for my frightened little mother. I had no idea why I thought a Mass would help her on her way, but I was certain it would. I was equally certain (had I heard this or read it somewhere?) that Masses were not said for the likes of us, that only a Catholic could seek that special boon and that only for Catholics might Masses be said.

From my office window I could see the spirés of the 14th century *Marienkappelle* high on the hill overlooking the River Main, one of the few churches in the town that had come through the bombings with most of their beauty intact. I thought of the long flight of stone stairs leading up to its baroque portals and the Riemenschneider statues on its buttresses. Never in my whole life had I felt so poor and so helpless as when I gazed through tears at the lovely old chapel whose bells could not be rung for me and mine.

But two days later, at ten o'clock in the morning, a Mass for the Dead was celebrated in memory of

my mother in the *Marienkappelle*. Beside me in the carved oak pews were my French and Belgian teammates, who had made come true what I thought was a wish impossible of fulfillment.

On the night of my telephone call, they had guessed from my face that something had happened. They had come to my billet in the evening and with loving tact had drawn from me the admission that my mother had died. Acting as if their own mothers had been taken away again, they began to weep.

"We must ask a Mass," said one after a while.

"In the *Marienkappelle* where there's a German priest who speaks French," said another. "It will be easier to arrange there."

"Miss Hulme's mother loved high places with wide views," said a third. "She would know that we were praying for her from the highest place at our disposal."

They took the whole matter out of my hands. They smiled at me, as at an immature child, when I reminded them that neither my mother nor I was a Catholic; that I, as far as I knew, had not even been baptized, and was therefore categorized by their Church as a pagan. Catholics pray for all souls, especially the most abandoned, they said. They asked me to drive them to the hilltop chapel to make arrangements.

"What should I pay?" I asked tremulously. (You *bought* Masses,

my Protestant background reminded me. You bought Masses and sequences of prayers called novenas, just like any goods spread out on a shopping counter.)

"Only what you might wish to give in gratitude," said one of my friends. She had read my thought and smiled forgivingly. "I'd suggest in this case a box or two of those Hershey chocolate bars from the PX and perhaps a carton of cigarettes, if you've got them to spare. Priests have their human longings, too, especially these Germans in these times."

In the church, they gave me a French missal so that I could follow the Mass. They had placed a ribbon in a certain section and pointed to the caption entitled "Daily Mass for the Departed." Nervously I translated the Offertory: "Oh Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and from the deep pit; deliver them from the lion's mouth" In my dismayed imagination, I saw my little mother, who jumped at a boo in the dark, skirting pits and lions' mouths. Then the Mass began.

I think it must be impossible to make a born Catholic understand how a first Mass, read and followed, affects one who is outside their Church. No one had ever told me (because, of course, I had never asked) that the service was a living memory of Christ's Last Supper

with his disciples. None of my wide reading had ever uncovered the beauty of the changeless Canon, dating from the 5th century, and its immutable prayers of commemoration: for the living, for the saints, and for the dead.

In that last commemoration I found in the missal the words that I had sought for my gentle mother full of fears: "Grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and peace." And I think I prayed then for the first time in my life with fervor and with absolute belief. I had the deep consoling feeling that I was helping to bring my mother home forever to the kind of place she had lived in only for brief intervals while on earth, a place of refreshment, light, and peace.

I myself did not "come home" for three years. I told my Catholic teammates in Germany that someday, perhaps, I would look into the matter of taking instructions. Obviously, I said, here in Germany it was not feasible. My German and French were not good enough to sustain me in a theological discussion. Besides, I said, I couldn't talk with just any priest; only a Jesuit would do, one trained to worldly understanding. And I knew of no Jesuits in those parts. I fancied myself as an exceptional worldlyling whose past life had a special character which only the Jesuit mind might comprehend.

As long as I sought excuses, I found them, plentiful as leaves on

trees. God did not pursue me during those years of backing and filling. He seemed to leave me strictly alone as I rummaged through the rag bag of my thoughts. Yet, not really alone. There was always the live memory of that Mass before his altar, and the strange persistent happiness that flooded my soul every time I thought of it.

Sometimes I told myself that I had thrown myself upon the charity of the Catholic Church on the day of my mother's death only because I had been so deeply disturbed. I could be grateful forever for the refuge the Church had provided in my moment of need, but I didn't have to join it to prove that gratitude, did I? I was a writer. Everyone said it was fatal for writers to join the Church whose dogmas put restrictive frames around the imagination. Just look at—and then I found that I couldn't think of a single writer worth his salt who had turned mealy-mouthed after conversion.

Thinking back on the old days, I dredged up odd scraps from my past. I'd had a playmate in my tomboy childhood in San Francisco who was a Catholic, who sometimes permitted us to examine the medals he wore about his neck. They protected him, he said, from fires, from drowning, and even from having a broken home, like mine, since Catholics did not permit divorce. Divorce was the dark word that colored my whole child-

hood, and I remembered how I had stared at the little redheaded Irish boy who, despite the war between his parents (which was neighborhood gossip), had a father still, simply because his Church held to the letter of the vow: "Till death do us part!"

In the spring of 1951 I came home, after the end of the postwar war for refugees which I had fought with charts and graphs and a great scoreboard showing how many visas had been issued to those displaced persons who chose *Amerika* as their haven. I came with one of the Catholic girls who had assisted at the Mass for my mother in Germany, one who wished to start a new life in a new land because the war had orphaned her, also. I told her that California would no longer feel like home with my mother gone, but perhaps Arizona might be a good place to start. The state had sunshine all year round which we had not seen, except briefly in summers, during our six years in the mists of Germany.

We came then to Phoenix and settled down so that I might write the book I had already written to my mother. My friend, meanwhile, being a nurse, could "get her feet wet" in American nursing and learn what to discard diplomatically (or seem to discard) from her European nursing background. I drove her on Sundays to her church just as I used to do in Germany. It was a Jesuit church. "Only a Jesuit would

do!" I had sparred with that equivocation in the middle of Germany and now here I was in the middle of Arizona, on the very doorstep of the Jesuits, so to speak. Eventually, when I could summon up enough courage, I knocked on the door of the rectory.

I entered a small parlor bright with sunshine, warily, as if walking into a trap. I suppose that I expected to be grabbed at once and led by the scruff of the neck to the baptismal font. Instead, a gentle priest welcomed me, said that it would not "hurt" me to learn something about the Catholic Church, since I was a writer and everything was supposed to be grist to the writer's mill. I would not be wasting my time taking the instructions, he said, and if, afterwards, I wished to become a convert—well, we would see. Meanwhile, there was a library at my disposal.

I read the Scholastics while I wrote *The Wild Place*.^{*} One half of me was pouring out the last years of the old life while the other half drank in the first chapters of the new. I did not always understand everything I read, but one amazing and exciting fact stood clear from every page: that there was not a single aspect of the faith that had not been argued, fought over, even battled over again and again through the ages, all the way from St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, and Duns

^{*}See CATHOLIC DIGEST, May '54, p. 112.

Scotus down to such great philosopher-theologians of our own times as Cardinal Mercier.

Then one day the priest said, "I think you know more about the Church than many Catholics, Miss Hulme. We'll receive you any time you are ready." There was a moment of panic. This time I knew I was playing for keeps. Once admitted to the communion of saints, one just didn't back out lightly as if a wrong room had been entered by mistake.

"Do you think I'm ready, Father?" I asked. "There is still the Virgin Mary. I don't yet feel quite *used* to her." She had been a stum-

bling block since the beginning of my instruction. "The new thing that has been added," I had once explained, too worried to hear the seeming irreverence of my remark.

"Pray to her. She herself will teach you to understand her."

I was baptized two days later. I chose my mother's middle name, Frances, for my new name in the Church. The only time I've ever felt sorry for the born Catholics was when I stood with the priest beside the baptismal font and watched with mature eyes and heard with mature ears the anointing and the words which purified me and brought me home.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

Late in November, 1815, Archbishop John Carroll had been given the last rites of the Church; his death was expected any day. Some of the priests of his diocese held a meeting to discuss plans for the funeral. All knew, of course, that special ceremonies are prescribed for the burial of an archbishop, but none could produce a copy of the exact rubrics. Then one recalled that the archbishop himself had a copy of the necessary book; it stood now somewhere on the shelves in the room where John Carroll lay dying.

The youngest priest present was deputed to find the book, and after receiving permission from the nurse, he set about his task. He found the entire room lined with shelves, each crammed with books. He went from case to case without finding what he was seeking. He was about to abandon the search when he heard a chuckle behind him.

Turning, he saw that the archbishop was wide awake; his eyes were on the young priest, and there seemed to be a twinkle in them. "My son," he said, "the book you are looking for is on the second shelf underneath the window." Then with an unmistakable smile he went back to sleep. Within the week the book was used at his burial.

From John Carroll, Bishop and Patriot by Milton Lomask.

That Little Girl Named Mercy

When I last saw her, she was laughing

WE HAD THE CAR all to ourselves before the conductor came in and led a little girl to a corner seat directly opposite us.

"You sit right there for a while," he said, gently. "I'll come back."

The child did not look at us, but turned her head away and stared out the window. She seemed to be about six. She wore a shabby little coat with a luggage label tied to one of the buttons. Her shoes were scuffed and worn and her knees scarred, as if she were ordinarily rather wild. But now she sat quietly, with her hands on her lap and a battered child's handbag beside her. Once in a while she would touch the bag, as if to reassure herself that it was really there.

I was pleased that another child had arrived to share the journey. She and my Frank, who is four years old, would amuse each other. Frank stood between the seats, looking across at the little girl. But she would not look at him.

When one child approaches another it is her own child that the mother watches. I watched Frank now, with a feeling of pride in him.

Though he was not as clean



as he had been when we started out, he was a handsome little boy, sturdy and strong. He was now proceeding, crablike, towards the little girl.

"What you got that tag on for?" he asked.

"Tells where I'm going," said the little girl, without turning. Seated as she was, she presented to me just a triangle of white neck and two small tails of dark hair tied with red ribbon.

"Why does it?"

"In case I get lost, only I shan't."

"What does it say?"

"Can't you read?" snorted the little girl contemptuously.

"I'm not big enough," protested Frank, with spirit, but backing away slightly. "I can draw," he added.

"Pooh," she said. "I can read, and I can draw and I can sew and knit. And do cross-stitch."

"Frank is only four," I put in gently, and then disliked myself for saying it at all. Children should be left alone, I thought; but at the little girl's tone of contempt Frank had stuck out his lower lip and gone pink, so I had intervened. I saw the little girl stiffen, but not turn.

But Frank, it appeared, did not want excuses made for him. "Four is big," he said, suddenly glowering. "Look what I got in my pocket." He produced a lump of modeling clay covered with fluff.

The little girl said, "I'd rather look out the window."

"But just look what I can make with this," said Frank. "I can make a rocket plane. See?"

"Look, there's a black-and-white horse," the little girl exclaimed. "It's galloping round and round a tree."

"Oh, where? Where?" Frank shouted, and ran to the other side of the car next to her, jamming his nose against the glass. I leaned forward and looked, too. No horse. No sign of a tree anywhere. Not even a patch of grass.

"I can't see it," said Frank. "Where is it? I want to see the horse."

"It's gone now," said the little girl.

"Oh," he said, losing interest rapidly. "What's in your bag?"

"Some cookies and some books. I have a lot of books they gave me cuz I'm so good at reading. I'm going to a new school."

"Picture books?"

"Some have pictures."

"I want to look at them."

"No, you can't," she said. "They are awful pictures. Dragons and people falling off buildings and things on fire. You'd cry."

"Oh, no I wouldn't," said Frank. "I wanna see them. You read me a story."

"No," she said, "they're awful stories. You'd scream. Go away."

"I wanna look."

I decided that it was time to create a diversion, so I took out a bag of candy. "Would you both like one of these?" I asked. Frank came to me, ricocheting from seat to seat. "You must give one to the little girl first," I told him. "What's your name, little girl?"

"Mercy—Mercy Day."

"Take the bag to Mercy, Frank."

"Here," said Frank, holding the bag out in front of her and poking her arm with it.

"I don't want one," she said, and put out her hand to fend him off. She turned her head at last, looking past him, and I saw at once that she was blind.

I quashed my first impulse, which was to exclaim in pity, and guide the little girl's hand. With the

books, the school, the horse seen from the window, the child had so passionately resisted discovery.

Her face, now turned defensively towards me, was ugly with defiance. It was small and square and plain, and one front tooth was missing. Freckles lay thick on her nose and forehead, and her cheeks had a lovely carnation flush. Blind eyes, I thought, should be dark and clouded or milky blue, but hers were dazzling. Their transparency and their almost golden brilliance made the blankness even more conspicuous.

I took the bag away from Frank, gave him a toy tank to keep him quiet, and went and sat beside Mercy.

"You can't see very well, can you?" I tried to make my voice sound cool and casual. "Hold out your hand and I'll give you a piece of candy. You manage so cleverly that I didn't notice till now."

"It's a red one," said Mercy, sucking the candy.

"Yes, it is," I said. "Can you tell by the taste? I couldn't."

"I can," said Mercy, and I was pleased to hear the faint note of superiority.

I said, "I know how clever blind people are. They can do all kinds of things we can't, like hearing very well and being able to read with their hands. A blind man told me once that he could feel colors with the tips of his fingers, as if he had eyes in them. It must be

interesting to be able to do that."

"I used to be able to see," said the little girl. She matched my casual tone.

"I got a tank," said Frank, propelling himself along the seat. "Look at my tank. Look." He held it out to Mercy, and her blank eyes wandered past him.

"Mercy is very clever," I said. "She can see with her fingers. You watch." I put the toy tank into the little girl's hands.

"It's a sort of brown color," said Mercy, experimentally, turning the toy over and over. She smiled with secret pleasure. "With a white star," she added.

"Yes, it is," I said, knowing Mercy must have seen pictures of tanks, but making my voice carry surprise and admiration. "Isn't that clever, Frank? Do you see how Mercy does it? She tells the color with her hands."

"How can she?"

"I'm blind," said Mercy matter-of-factly.

"What's blind?" said Frank.

"She can't see anything at all. Like when you shut your eyes."

Frank screwed his eyes shut and moved his head around. "Can she read with her hands?" he asked. He was frankly interested now.

"I will be able to," said Mercy emphatically. "I'm going to a new school to learn braille."

"That will be nice," I said. "It says on your label where it is, and it's quite near where we are going,

so we'll all get out together at the same stop. I'm going to take Frank along to the washroom now. Would you like to come, too?"

I guided Mercy down the car with a hand on her shoulder. I watched the child touch the seats and blunder against the rocking edges. Her hands were too young and unformed to be sensitive. They had a long, dangerous journey before them—they had to learn sight.

When we returned I unpacked our sandwiches, and Mercy opened her bag. It contained her lunch, done up in greaseproof paper, and a doll wrapped in a blue knitted shawl. There were no books. Somehow I felt a little sad and guilty about that.

Fed and lulled, Frank went to sleep on the seat.

I began to feel uneasy. How did one amuse blind children? But Mercy did not seem to need amusing. Already she had laid the foundations of her house without windows. She took out the doll and retreated into her private night, sitting with its head on her arm.

At the station where we were to get off was a nun waiting on the platform. I stood with one hand on Mercy's shoulder and the other clasped by Frank's blackened paw, while the nun came sweeping down the platform. She walked like a sailor. She was a big, strong woman, pink-faced, with little, greenish eyes. She looked anything but austere or cut off from the world. Even

at 20 yards she was irresistible, and even before she was as near as that I had begun to melt.

"This is Mercy," I said, smiling. "She's been with us on the train."

"So it's Mercy, is it?" said the nun, speaking softly and bending down. "Oh, but it's a good thing you can't see my face, Mercy, for it's as red as a beetroot with thinking I was late for the train. Come now," she said, "we're going home, and I'll just hold your arm a little, just for the time being while you don't know your way. It's me who wants someone to hang on to, to pull me up the steps. Are you going to say good-by and thank the lady nicely, now?"

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by, and thank you," Mercy said. She walked away, looking very small beside the nun.

"Who was that black lady?" Frank asked.

I explained briefly and inadequately in a distracted way, stopping to blow my nose a couple of times. I picked up the bags, and Frank began to cavort beside me, pretending to find his way along the platform. His eyes were tightly shut. "I'm blind!" he shouted. "Look, mommy, look! I'm blind."

"Don't do that," I said, suddenly letting myself go. I put down the bags and smacked him lightly, seeking a relief I rarely permitted myself. Frank opened wide his eyes, and tears fell out of them. His lower lip squared with outrage.

"I was only pretending," he whimpered. nun climbing the stairs. Mercy was climbing in front, pulling. Her

"Come along now," I said. In the distance I could see Mercy and the head was turned back towards the nun's face, and she was laughing.

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

The English language has undergone many changes, including a tremendous growth of vocabulary. Not only has our language taken more than a half million words from other languages, it has also drawn a good number of words from the names of certain individuals.

We all know of *pasteurized* milk, the term coming from the name of the French scientist Louis Pasteur. And we have all driven on *macadam* roads, so called because their construction was invented by the Scottish engineer J. L. McAdam.

In Column A below are a dozen more words that have come from the names of various men. Match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. *martinet*
2. *mesmerize*
3. *cardigan*
4. *Byronic*
5. *hansom*
6. *thespian*
7. *chauvinism*
8. *Fabian*
9. *Machiavellian*
10. *boycott*
11. *wisteria*
12. *nicotine*

Column B

- a) To hypnotize; after Viennese physician.
- b) A stern master; after general who built army on strict discipline.
- c) A light, two-wheeled covered carriage; named after its English inventor.
- d) Proud, cynical, moody; from characteristics of a certain English poet.
- e) A knitted worsted jacket; named after English general.
- f) Relating to the drama; an actor; from reputed founder of Greek drama.
- g) To refrain by concerted action from using or buying; after Irish land agent.
- h) Characterized by political cunning; after Florentine statesman.
- i) Cautious; indecisive; after Roman general who fought against Hannibal.
- j) Fanatical patriotism; after soldier faithful to defeated Napoleon.
- k) The active principle in tobacco; after man who introduced tobacco into France.
- l) Flowering plant of wooded vine pea family; named for an American scientist.

(Answers on page 128.)

Five Ways to Help Your Husband Succeed

*What you do and say can make
or break him on the job*

THE PRESIDENT of a manufacturing concern in Minnesota told me this true story.

"When Bill came to us right out of college we thought he was a real find. We were looking for lively new blood to understudy the head of our sales department, who would retire in a few years. Bill was smart and ambitious, and he'd deliberately chosen a small industry because he liked living in a small town.

"Six months later we gave him a good raise, and he married a beautiful girl he'd met back at college. They bought one of those new modern houses at the edge of town, a rather pretentious place for a man on his salary.

"Then Bill's work began to slip. He was trying as hard as ever, but he seemed tense. He wasn't concentrating on his work. He made a couple of bad errors.

"I called him into my office one day. 'Bill,' I said, 'anything troubling you? Is the job panning out as



you had hoped?' Yes, the job was fine; it was a good outfit. . . . I couldn't get anything definite out of him.

"My wife finally tipped me off. (I like to talk over such problems with her.) 'It's that girl he married,' she explained. 'She doesn't give him a minute's peace. Expects him to wait on her hand and foot. I hear that she's been complaining at the bridge club about the hours Bill puts in at the office—and the "measly" salary he's getting.'

"Well, the sales head retires this year. But his job is going to Joe, not Bill. Joe doesn't have Bill's keen mind. But he's conscientious,

*1111 E St. N.W., Washington 4, D.C. February, 1957. © 1956 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

hard working, enthusiastic; and his wife is a wonder. She'll give him the backing he needs to take on his new responsibility.

"We won't fire Bill. But we can't promote him." He sighed. "Too bad, too, but there's nothing I can do about it."

Bill's case set me thinking. Surely such wives don't intend to wreck their husband's careers. Maybe their selfishness comes from thoughtlessness.

So, in my travels throughout the country, I began asking other bosses to tell me: how can a wife help her husband get ahead in his job?

Most of their answers (I heard the same ones over and over) seemed to boil them down to five general rules.

1. *Be honestly ambitious for your husband.* But the ambition must not be just for more money, or for social advancement. That kind of ambition only shakes a man's self-confidence. It makes him think you're dissatisfied with him.

Rather, your ambition should be directed toward helping your husband to realize his full potentialities. The wife who urges her husband to settle for a 9-to-5 job so that he'll "be with the family more" must be ready to settle for a mediocre income, and, possibly, a mediocre husband. No man is truly happy unless he is using his capacities to the fullest.

"A fellow cannot get ahead without hard work and long hours." So

said all the executives that I interviewed.

On the other hand, don't push your husband too hard. Being unrealistic about your husband's talents can be just as damaging to his career as complacency. "Let him do the thing he's best at, not something *you* wish he'd do," said the president of a public-utility company in North Carolina. "One of our biggest problems comes from wives of linesmen who goad their husbands into asking for white-collar jobs. They think that having a husband who works in coveralls hurts their social standing! Usually such a man isn't fitted for desk work. (And probably he's making more money as a linesman than he would as a bookkeeper.)

"But when he can't stand the nagging any longer, he'll sheepishly ask for a change. We have to turn him down. Then he loses face with both his wife and his fellow workmen. Ambition like that is a menace."

A wife must be willing to accommodate herself to the needs of her husband's job. If it means advancement, she'll welcome a move even to a town where "she doesn't know a soul," miles away from her mother and father. She'll smooth the way for him to work at night, when necessary, whether at home or at the office. And (this, say heads of industry, is important) she'll encourage him to take part in community doings.

"Outside interests and contacts with all sorts of people broaden a man's thinking; make him a more valuable employee. They increase his stature in the community, too, and add to his self-respect."

Nor will a good wife whine because she's "left alone so much." Instead, she'll join church groups, the PTA, or social clubs, and thus try to stretch her own mind by filling her time with worth-while activities.

The sensible wife will put herself out to be friendly to her husband's business associates. She'll listen attentively to business discussions when the boss or fellow workers are guests for dinner; and she'll never repeat what she hears. She'll never discuss her husband's prospects or his work or the company at the bridge club or anywhere else.

2. *Send him off for the day free of home worries.* From the time a man gets up in the morning, his mind is often on his work. As he shaves, as he eats his breakfast, he's probably thinking about the problems he must solve that day.

"The wife who chooses breakfast time to nag—'When are you going to take out the garbage?' or 'Why can't we afford a new refrigerator?'—makes a big mistake." So the personnel director of a small Virginia industry told me. "When a man goes off to work feeling surly and resentful, his mind torn, perhaps, by feelings of guilt or irritation, he

can't possibly give his job the undivided attention it needs. His decisions will be warped. I've seen it happen. It's like hobbling a runner at the start of a race."

3. *Greet him, when he comes home in the evening, with warmth and serenity.* One school of thought holds that a wife should clear the kids from the living room and leave her husband in peace for a little while after he comes home. "Let him have time to unwind," a hard-working salesman suggests. "Then give him his dinner. Don't make him wait!"

An executive of a large New England corporation, on the other hand, contends that "it's juvenile to expect to be babied when you arrive home at night. A man worth his salt as an executive knows how to turn his mind from one subject to another completely. He does that all day. And when he goes home at night, he should put business cares behind him for a time, and concentrate on his home, wife, and children."

One thing sure; no man welcomes being greeted at the door with: "Thank goodness you're here! Now you take over!" There were no quibblers on that score. Wait awhile before telling him that George flunked his geometry and that the dog has dug up the neighbor's petunias.

4. *Tactfully point out to your husband any faults which he can correct.* Does that surprise you?

Naturally, pointing out faults doesn't mean nagging. Nagging helps nobody. But constructive suggestions, given in the right way at the right time, can be a real help. An up-and-coming young advertising man in Pennsylvania gave this example from his own experience.

"I have to do a lot of talking in my work. And I practice my talks on my wife. One day she said, 'Dear, do you realize that you say 'uhhh' every few words?' Well, I *wasn't* aware of it. Now I've corrected that bad habit."

A junior executive with a big manufacturing firm told me this. "I've always had a quick temper. When I first joined this company, it seemed as if my immediate superior did nothing but criticize. I was on the point of blowing up! I'd gripe to my wife. Finally she said, 'Well, you won't be under Mr. N. forever. Learn all you can from him—and meanwhile, take it.' When my promotion came through, the manager told me that he knew Mr. N. was difficult, but that I'd passed that test in personal relationships with flying colors. In fact, he'd been watching to see whether I could."

5. *Never belittle him—in public or private.* A Minnesota bank president put it this way. "Having a wife show that she has confidence in him is as necessary to a man's success as the meals she serves are to his health."

A young Chamber-of-Commerce

secretary in Connecticut told me, "My wife is smarter than I am in lots of ways. She's got a good, level head and I always ask her opinion. At home we're partners."

"But, when we're at parties, or any public place, she defers to my opinion, laughs at my corny jokes. Sure, I like it! She makes me feel I've got what it takes. And you know, the way she treats me impresses my bosses. Last time they gave me a raise, a board member said, 'That's a mighty fine wife you have, Jack.'"

Then this young man went on to describe the wife of one of his close friends. "That girl seems to get a bang out of needling Ned when people are around. 'Don't let *him* carry it,' she'll say. 'He's clumsy as an ox.' Or, 'Look at the tie Bill bought. His taste is all in his mouth.' That sort of thing. He's getting to have a *handdog* look. He was due for a promotion a year ago, but it didn't come through. I bet she rides him about that, too."

Well, there's your five-point formula for helping your husband succeed. And there was something more, something basically important, that came through from every man I talked with.

The manager of a grocery store in a Wisconsin town put it into words. "I know my wife loves me. She really believes that I'm the greatest guy in the world!" Take it from the men: any husband will go a long way on that.

Justice Brennan of the Supreme Court

He refuses to be labeled conservative, liberal, or middle-of-the-road

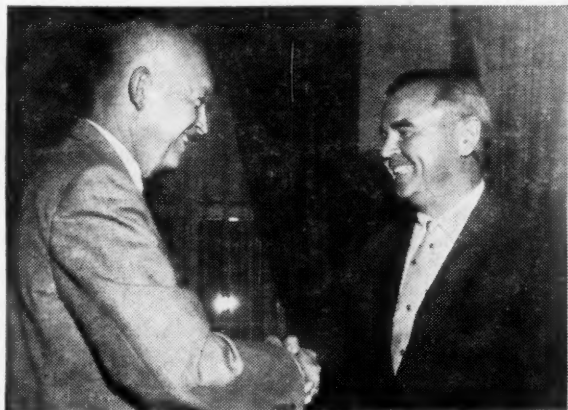
THE NINTH justice: a happy Irishman." That's how a national magazine hailed appointment of New Jersey's Judge William Joseph Brennan, Jr., to the U. S. Supreme Court. The label couldn't be more accurate. Bill Brennan is an affable, garrulous man whom you would more likely peg as a successful toastmaster than an austere magistrate.

His eyes are blue and probing, his hair dashed with a becoming frost of gray, his manner jaunty. He combines the rugged huskiness of a football coach with the suave elegance of a man in a fashion ad. In fact, he has often been described as "dapper," a quality not usually associated with members of the Supreme Court.

Dapper or not, Brennan brings several unique distinctions with him to his new post. At 50, he is the youngest

member of the U. S. Supreme Court. He is the fifth Catholic ever to occupy a place on the court. (Roger B. Taney, author of the historic Dred Scott decision, was the first; and has been followed by Edward D. White, Pierce Butler, and Frank Murphy.) And he is one of four justices (the others are Justice Hugo Black, Justice Marshall Harlan, and Justice Charles Whittaker) who have had previous bench experience.

Nobody was more surprised than Bill himself when he got the bid to come to Washington last fall. He



A friend congratulates Justice Brennan.

had been living in the little town of Rumson, N.J. (pop. 4,044), and was an associate justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court. He was completely removed from politics and almost unknown nationally except to a handful of jurists and lawyers.

Among legal specialists, Bill enjoyed a measure of fame as an expert on labor law and as a crusader for speedier trial procedure. As chairman for a New Jersey committee on calendar control and pretrial conferences, he had helped give his state a commendable record in clearing up congested court dockets. New Jersey today serves as a national model in this regard. It was his achievement in this field that opened the door to the highest court for Bill.

Earlier in 1956 he had addressed U.S. Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell's special conference on congestion in the courts. Brownell and all who heard him were impressed by his forceful presentation, his clear, practical suggestions. They recognized a man who gets right to the point.

When President Eisenhower was casting about for a successor to Justice Minton, who retired last September because of ill health, the attorney general suggested that the judge from New Jersey be considered among other candidates.

The judge from New Jersey got the job, and was flabbergasted. He even had to borrow a suitcase to get off to the capital in time.

"When Mr. Brownell asked me to come to Washington and told me the President was considering me to fill a Supreme Court vacancy, I'm afraid I couldn't say anything intelligible," recalls Justice Brennan. "I just sat there, stunned to my bones. Later, I was escorted into the President's office. I thought there would be other people there, but suddenly I found I was alone in the room with him, not a soul but me and the President. It was something."

There were those who hinted at political strategy in Justice Brennan's appointment. After all, he was a Democrat. It was a crucial election year. If he got the job, the President might conceivably get more votes.

Justice Brennan discounts this idea completely. And the President went out of his way to emphasize at a press conference that the selection of a new justice always depends on record, not politics.

"I picked the best man available, regardless of party," Eisenhower declared.

Bill Brennan's record has been outstanding ever since his boyhood in Newark. He was born there, the second oldest of eight children. His parents, William J. and Agnes Brennan, were Irish immigrants. The senior Brennan had got a job stoking fires at the old Ballantine brewery in Newark when he arrived in this country. Later, he became a trade-union official, and fin-

ally made his mark in politics as a city commissioner and director of public safety in Newark. He served in this capacity for many years until he died in 1930 at the age of 57. Bill's mother, now 78, lives in East Orange, N.J.

Bill's inspiration was and still is his father, who imbued his son with a strong love of justice. He tried to steer him towards law while Bill was in high school.

"My father had a great many lawyer friends," recalls Justice Brennan, "and they kindled my interest in the legal profession, at dad's behest."

Bill's earliest loves were mathematics and history. "If there was one trait that stood out in Bill," says a high-school classmate, "it was his deep curiosity about everything. He read intensely, whatever he could get his hands on. And he always had a thorough approach to any subject he studied."

Bill's greatest disappointment in school was his failure to make either track or football team. At that time he weighed a scant 120 pounds, but what he lacked in weight, he made up for in enthusiasm. He became the most ardent rooter his school had.

Bill was graduated *cum laude* from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in 1928, with a B. S. degree in economics. He went on to Harvard Law school, was graduated in 1931 in the top tenth

of his class. One of his teachers was Justice Felix Frankfurter, now his eldest colleague in the Supreme Court. (You can chalk up another first here for Bill: he is the first pupil of Justice Frankfurter to reach the highest tribunal in the land.)

Reporters hurrying to profile the new appointee pounced on the Irish-immigrant-father angle and made the most of it. Bill's life story took on a decided rags-to-riches coloring.

"That's a lot of baloney," says the new justice. "I'm no Horatio Alger character. My father paid all my expenses till he died. Then I was lucky enough to get a scholarship to finish Harvard Law school. Once I made change on a Newark trolley line for \$6 a week, but that was to keep me in custom-made clothes. Getting married put an end to that sort of thing. I buy suits off the rack now."

The Brennan wardrobe is most often hidden under judicial robes these days. He has three sets of robes, one of them eight years old. He insisted upon taking it with him to Washington, claiming "it's still got a lot of life left in it."

Bill wasn't always as outspoken in court as he is today. He recalls his first case as a fledgling lawyer, when rhetoric got the best of him. He was assigned to act as a junior lawyer in the defense of a man who had killed a deaf mute while driving a car. The judge was a

Brennan, too, Judge Daniel Brennan, no relative.

Young Brennan put a character witness on the stand and started to try out his courtroom technique. He knew just how the lawbooks would phrase the question.

"Do you know the accused's reputation for truth and veracity in this neighborhood?" he asked.

"He's a good automobile driver," came the reply.

Lawyer Brennan repeated his question.

"I told you, he was a good driver," the witness said.

Undaunted, Brennan repeated his question for the third time, word for word. The witness snapped angrily, "I told you twice already he was a good driver." Thereupon the judge intervened, addressing the witness sternly, "Look at me. Does this defendant always tell the truth?"

"Yes, sir. He never tells a lie."

The judge beamed. "You see, Mr. Witness," he explained, "Mr. Brennan here is a Harvard graduate, and he doesn't speak English."

The Brennan vocabulary grew considerably more basic in a hurry.

Working for one of Newark's oldest law firms, Pitney, Hardin, and Skinner, Bill gradually built up a reputation as a labor-law expert. In 1939, he represented one of the firm's clients who attacked the constitutionality of the NRA (National Recovery Act) as interfering with states' rights and ham-

pering business practice. It became a *cause célèbre* much like its counterpart, the Schecter case. Bill's work in this case and many others won him a special bonus: he became a full-fledged partner in the firm.

In March, 1942, Bill joined the army as a major and was assigned to handling industrial and labor manpower cases. It was typical of him that he promptly resigned from his law firm when he discovered he was going to deal with contractors who were also clients of the firm.

He quickly rose to lieutenant colonel and then colonel in charge of the labor branch of the industrial-personnel division of army service forces. It was one of his special jobs to overcome bottlenecks in industry so that army procurement of supplies might run more smoothly. Arthur B. Krim, now head of United Artists Corp. and then a major in the signal corps, recalls Colonel Brennan as "an A-1 trouble shooter."

"He had a rare ability to analyze the cause of a difficulty," says Mr. Krim, "but he didn't stop there. He'd keep at it until he devised means to cure it."

In 1945, after three years of army service which won him the Legion of Merit, Colonel Brennan was honorably discharged and returned to his former law firm. There followed four busy years in which he represented hundreds of corporations in postwar labor disputes.

The record shows that Democrat

Brennan has a way of getting things from the Republicans. The Eisenhower appointment is not his first cop reward. In 1949, Republican Gov. Alfred Driscoll appointed him to New Jersey's Superior Court. Again in 1952, he made him a member of the appellate division of the court. The following year, he was elevated to the New Jersey Supreme Court as an associate justice.

Although he is a lifelong Democrat, Justice Brennan has never been active in political affairs. "I'm not much of a joiner," he says. "I've always felt that it is wiser for a judge not to belong to any organization as such and that it is more judicious to keep a detached, impartial point of view."

Naturally, he is a member of the American Bar association, the New Jersey State Bar association, and the American Judicature society. And he is keenly devoted to his parish Holy Name society. As an after-dinner speaker, he gives generously of his time to parish organizations, fraternal groups, and legal societies.

In court he is unfailingly strict. He believes in the dignity of the law, and woe betide anyone who doesn't show the proper respect in his courtroom. Once, while he was hearing a case in Jersey City, a top-ranking Democratic politician and lawyer casually ventured into the lawyers' enclosure near Judge Brennan's stand and started talking.

Brennan rapped for order in the court. The politician was silent for a while but again started up a conversation. Once more Brennan rapped for order. When the man began talking for a third time in a subdued but still audible tone, Brennan summoned the sergeant at arms and directed him to escort the offender from the room.

As a jurist, he is an ardent champion of civil rights. A typical case in point was one in which a man charged with murder was denied the right to see his confession before trial. Justice Brennan held this procedure to be most unfair. He has written a number of important opinions against self-incrimination.

When strikes threatened public utilities in New Jersey, Justice Brennan advocated compulsory arbitration, a procedure which since has become state law. As for America's knottiest judicial problem, overcrowded court calendars, Brennan is hopeful that he can continue to work on its solution.

"What we need are fewer cases brought to trial and those brought quickly," he says. "Delayed justice is bad justice, for time has a way of blurring memories and killing witnesses. Right may not prevail when it takes years to reach a decision."

Brennan strenuously objects to being labeled "liberal," "conservative" or "middle-of-the-road."

"I prefer the term 'open-minded,'" he says, "since I endeavor to judge

each case on its own merits."

About five days after his appointment in Washington, Brennan handed down the majority opinion of his last case on the New Jersey Supreme Court. It upheld the conviction of a former judge of high standing for malpractice in handling the estate of an ex-client. Brennan pointed out that the obligation of all lawyers is "to act always in the highest degree of honor and integrity."

Aside from omnivorous reading (American history, Plato, dime novels) and duffer golf (low 100's), Justice Brennan has no hobbies.

"I wouldn't be so corny as to say my work is my hobby," he says. "My work is my work, and I love every minute of it."

He says that the wisest step he ever took was one made 28 years ago, in the very same year he entered law school. That was when he married pretty Marjorie Leonard, of Orange, N.J.

"She's a wonderful wife and a wonderful mother," says Justice Brennan proudly. "She's the best part of the family."

The Brennans have three children. William J., III, 23, a 2nd lieutenant in the marine corps, is stationed at Quantico, Va. Twenty-year-old Hugh L. Brennan is married, and is a student at Monmouth college in New Jersey.

Little Nancy Brennan, seven, is the special joy of her father. He spends every possible moment with her. Although he is not much of a do-it-yourselfer, Brennan mixed some cement not long ago and set up a backyard swing for his little daughter at her request. Nancy later wished to take the swing with her to Washington but the judge's first batch of cement was too good: the swing couldn't be pried up.

A neighbor lamented the Brennan's departure. "We'll miss them," she said. "They're what every community needs. A fun-loving, gregarious, warm-hearted couple. Bill and Marge both have an unusual sense of responsibility to themselves, their children, and their religion. They realize the importance of the family's being close together and close to God. Rumson will miss them. Washington is lucky."

REPRIEVE

A month ago my children (five and three) were with me when our car was in an accident. Since then they've both become regular little back-seat drivers. Once I was approaching an intersection when a woman started to cross the street. They both yelled, "Look out, mamma! Don't hit that lady!"

When she reached the opposite curb, three-year-old David said, with a big sigh of relief, "Oh, it's all right, mamma; she got away!"

Lorraine Smits.

When Brother Teases Sister

It's every family's problem

AMONG THE TOP topics that parents want to discuss in study groups is teasing between brothers and sisters. "After every meal, I'm ready to pack my bags!" one mother said. "The only time my seven and eight-year-olds don't tease each other is when they're with grandma. Then they tease her!"

Though the immediate family is usually the storm center, your concern with teasing may not be bounded by the walls of your own home. Perhaps your heart aches for an unhappy, sensitive son or daughter who always seems to be the butt of teasing. Or, perhaps you are worried about the growing unpopularity of a son who teases his playmates so unmercifully that it really comes under the name of bullying. Or you may wonder how you can possibly call off an adult relative or friend who habitually baits your children.

Teasing has many complex causes, effects, and ramifications; parents can find no easy answer to it. Understanding can begin simply with looking in the dictionary. It

becomes immediately apparent what a wide range of attitudes, motives, and behavior comes under the head of teasing.

"The dictionary definition reflects the looseness and ambiguity of popular use of the verb *to tease*," writes Dr. Margaret Brenman, psychologist at the Austin Riggs foundation in Stockbridge, Mass. "While the accent is placed on the hostile, destructive component, accepted definitions include the more benevolent dimensions of affection and humor. Literally, *to tease* means 'to shred finely, to disentangle, to tear in pieces,' but more broadly, Webster



*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17. January, 1957. © 1956 by The Parents' Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

tells us, 'to vex, harass, or irritate by petty requests, or by jest or railery.' Yet another definition is 'the awakening of expectation and then its frustration,' the extreme of which is 'to tantalize.'"

For practical parental purposes the important thing to recognize about teasing among brothers and sisters is that it falls into two general kinds. The one kind is normal and acceptable, the other requires serious attention as a symptom of something fundamentally wrong.

Make up your mind to it, you are not going to bring up a family without teasing. The practice, often so subtle that you can't do anything about it (like the innocent "But I don't know where his ball is") is a way that children express resentment against one another. Such resentment, according to Edith Neisser, author of the book *Brothers and Sisters*, may come from nothing more sinister than living under the same roof. Except in a penal institution, she points out, nowhere else do people have to live together so closely.

Expect, therefore, spells of teasing. One day, for instance, things will have gone wrong at school for Junior. Wishing to take out his bad humor on somebody, he may turn to the baby. Another time, your youngest, disgruntled because he had to be left out of a family excursion, may "playfully" mess up sister's dressing table. Sometimes your children will tease each other

as a device for attracting attention.

Don't make an issue of such teasing. Allow a reasonable amount of it; for no one is so secure that at times he doesn't want to set himself up to be funny at someone else's expense.

Persistent, chronic teasing among brothers and sisters is, however, usually a signal that all is not fundamentally well in a family. Rivalries, jealousies, and conflicts may be too intense. Take a few days to decide whether you need to give serious attention to the teasing. The answer is Yes if pestering is the only way they pay attention to one another; if they never present a united front; if they do not defend a brother or sister against an outsider; if their bickering doesn't lessen under favorable circumstances; if their tone towards one another is bitter, not just small boy-girl talk.

The solution might be as simple as change in routine, to separate the children more. Perhaps you need to revise discipline. Generally, more teasing exists among strictly disciplined children; they can indirectly take out on one another what they dare not take out on their parents. The more democratic the home, the better the children are likely to get along. But overpermissiveness can set the stage for teasing, too; for some children will annoy to provoke parents into setting limits on how far they can go.

Consider your management of the family. Are household chores

fairly apportioned? Is each child getting his due share of attention? Do you encourage him to be himself, accepting him as he is, and not holding up his brothers and sisters as good examples? Do you make sure that he gets the activities and companionship appropriate to his age?

Sometimes professional help is needed to unearth and correct more deep-rooted resentments. If, after honest examination, you still can't see why any of your children should be jealous, or why they all get on one another's nerves, an outsider may be able to see what you cannot.

Perhaps only one of the children teases continually. Often such behavior alters when a child is helped to understand why he behaves as he does. Some youngsters, suffering from a sense of inferiority, build themselves up in the only way they know, by tearing down somebody else. They jeer at boys and girls who have physical defects or get poor marks or wear shabby clothes. The remedy is to help such teasers gain a greater sense of their own worth with praise, affection, and attention, and to provide chances for them to excel.

Whether or not you have a real problem on your hands with an individual teaser is also a matter of degree. How frequently does he tease? How hard? If the answers are, you suspect, "too often" and "too much," don't nice-nelly the be-

havior as "just childish mischief" or as coming from a "born tease." Nor will you solve the problem with punishment.

What needs to be got at is not the symptom but the cause. Habitual, malicious teasing, especially when a child seems to delight in causing pain, is likely to be an indication of emotional disturbance requiring professional attention.

Some children, far from being problem teasers, are always the teased. It is normal to be teased at times. Youngsters must learn "to take it," so it is a mistake for parents to practice regular intervention. Remember, too, that at times children prefer being teased to being ignored.

If your child, though, is constantly a victim, look into the reasons. Sometimes they are superficial and easily remedied. Clothing may not conform to what is being worn at school; merely stop making him wear the offending garments. Should he be called a "baby" or "sissy," it may be because you have not let him do enough for himself.

When youngsters make a butt of a handicapped child, it is usually out of ignorance rather than innate cruelty. If your child is teased about a handicap, you can make life pleasanter for him by explaining his condition frankly to other children and their mothers.

Of course, the more a child reacts to teasing, the more he is bound to be teased; after all, it is no fun to

annoy unless you can evoke reaction. One thing that may help is to advise your child to disregard jibes whenever possible, walk away, avoid showing his feelings. You can also tell him how to answer back.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, deputy chief, U.S. Children's bureau, told me how she handled a wartime episode involving her daughter, then four years old. The child came home sobbing from nursery school. "They say my daddy's no good," she wept. "All the other daddies are soldiers."

"You tell them," Mrs. Ross instructed her, "that the President doesn't expect him to fight in two wars!" And she loaned Mr. Ross's 1st World War medal for proud display the next day.

If a child goes on being teased despite such measures, look for a basic emotional cause for his vulnerability. Very likely he is overanxious about himself, oversensitive. His upsets over mild jibes attract more. At adolescence especially, boys and girls, uncertain of their capabilities, are sensitive. The unsure, desperately needing approval, take any kind of teasing as painful disapproval. Such youngsters need to be strengthened with praise for what they are and do.

Occasionally, children are harassed by a teasing adult. Some adults tease simply because they are essentially ill at ease with children and know no other way to make contact. Others tease as an

expression of submerged hostility. They may unconsciously identify a child with someone they disliked during their own childhood. Then, with a camouflage of playfulness, they may give vent to their hostility.

Dr. Nina Ridenour, educational consultant, Mental Health Materials center, is emphatic about the sort of teasing which harms children. Does it make a child feel inferior or mean, confused, bewildered or fearful, ashamed of his family, his social status or anything about himself? Avoid it, lest his belief in himself be weakened. Shame or sarcasm; threatening, frightening; laughing at a child, or belittling him, as so many adults do under the guise of "having fun"—all can be destructive. When all attempts to get a harmfully teasing adult to change his ways fail, keep your children out of his way.

Happily, teasing has its positive as well as its negative aspects. Dr. Samuel J. Sperling, psychiatrist in Beverly Hills, Calif., calls attention to a number of social and psychological values. He says that its playful nature enables children to test both control of their own aggressive impulses and their tolerance of aggression; it helps them to learn how to avoid unpleasant consequences; to accept the disagreeable with good grace and humor; to hold their own in competition—in short, it is a way of acquiring social techniques. Also, teasing helps establish conformity to group standards without preach-

ing or precept. Taking name-calling, ridicule, and mockery on the playground in good spirit, for example, is part of developing into a cooperative member of society.

Between equally matched participants teasing can be sheer joyful play, like the play of puppies who feign attacks and withdrawals from attacks which never come. Children tease to experiment with each other's personalities, and this teasing is healthfully educational.

Teasing which is pure play is also a delightful part of adult-child relationships. It begins with the game of peekaboo with a baby. It

goes on to "Where's Johnny?" at the run-around age, when you call and call, with not a sound from Johnny, and continues through parent-adolescent banter.

Despite some nerve-wracking periods, wouldn't your home be a duller place without the imagination and humor that go along with teasing? And wouldn't it be an emotionally colder place, too? "Those who love each other tease each other," runs an old proverb. Run-of-the-mill teasing is a definite asset in family life; only when it gets out of hand do you need to tackle it as a liability.

IN OUR HOUSE

What with a two-week-old baby and three other children, I hadn't realized how furrowed my brow had become until this happened: My four-year-old daughter asked me to come into another room so that she could show me something. Then, pointing to a photographer's formal picture of me in which I wore a big smile, she asked, "Why don't you do that sometime, mummie?"

Mrs. Alex Barret.

Our four-year-old Johnnie has a dislike, distaste, and disdain for any kind of vegetable, be it green, yellow, pink or purple.

In a recent discussion among mothers with the same problem, one of my friends suggested her own solution. Before the darling little nonvegetarian has a chance to refuse, consult daddy with something like this: "Dear, do you think Johnnie is quite old enough now to eat these vegetables?" And then daddy, after much deliberation, of course decides that he thinks Johnnie is just old enough.

Rehearsal went off on schedule next mealtime. I spoke my lines. Daddy followed with his.

Then down came the curtain at four-year-old Johnnie's reply: "I think I'll wait till next year."

R. McH.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur in Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The Negro-White Problem:

Are Laws or Education the Better Solution?

*Twelfth in a series of articles on the Catholic
Digest Survey of the race problem in the U. S.*

WORTHY though legislation on behalf of Negroes may be, the Negro-white problem in the U. S. will not be satisfactorily solved except through education of both races. In other words, brotherhood cannot be legislated, but must be taught.

This is the overwhelming opinion of the white population of the nation, both North and South. The Negroes themselves, however, are not so sure that education is the sole solution of the race problem: a majority of the colored think that both education and legislation are necessary.

The foregoing opinions are pinpointed in results of the scientific survey made for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by Ben Gaffin & Associates, national research agency. Seven people in every eight, that survey indicates, agree that education, and the more of it the better, is of great importance in solving the Negro-white problem.

One of the questions asked was: "Which do you think would do more good in solving the Negro-white problem, laws or education?"

The answers came out as follows.

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Do Most Good	62%	55%	40%	33%
Education	27	25	50	54
Education and Laws	8	14	8	11
Laws	3	6	2	2
No opinion				

As the foregoing table shows, 62% of northern whites and 55% of southern whites favor education as a race-problem solution over the 27% and 25%, respectively, who advocate both education and legislation. Negro opinion is, on the other hand, 50% in the North and 54% in the South in favor of both education and laws, compared with only 40% and 33%, respectively, for education only.

As might be expected, whites who think that the races should be brought together and those who show the least prejudice are the people who place the most dependence upon education. Here are the contrasting answers to the question on laws versus education.

	Northern Whites			
	Segrega- tionists	Deseg- rega- tionists	Most Preju- diced	Least Preju- diced
Do Most Good	48%	69%	21%	66%
Education	30	26	34	28
Education and Laws	17	4	32	4
Laws	5	1	13	2
No opinion				

<i>Southern Whites</i>				
Education	47%	85%	37%	61%
Education and Laws ..	29	10	19	23
Laws	17	3	32	8
No opinion	7	2	12	8

Some ardent advocates of legislation on behalf of Negroes have been contending that champions of education are actually seeking to delay segregation, or at least are unwittingly contributing to its perpetuation. But this contention falls before the evidence that the least prejudiced whites strongly favor education as the best solution of the race problem.

Nevertheless, few can be found, among whites or Negroes, North or South, who would deny the value of higher education for Negroes. That college education for the colored constitutes a big help toward solving the nation's biggest problem today is a proposition endorsed by 96% of northern Negroes, 95% of southern Negroes, 92% of northern whites, and 80% of southern whites. Only 12% of even the most prejudiced southern whites said that college education for Negroes would hinder solution of the race problem.

(Bear in mind that this phase of the survey is *not* concerned with *where* or *how* the Negro receives his education; that question was discussed in an earlier article, which disclosed that southern whites are sharply at odds with a majority of northerners and most Negroes over the school desegregation issue.* The U.S. Supreme Court decision

*See Catholic Digest, Jan. '57, p. 29.

making segregation in public schools illegal was followed by formation of prosegregation organizations in various southern states; by attacks on NAACP and on Archbishop Rummel in New Orleans for integrating parochial schools—"Catholic churchgoers face jungle law, murder and rape or excommunication," stated a rabble-rousing leaflet; and by stone throwing and mob threats on campuses here and there.)

Few people anywhere contend that college education tends to make whites less friendly to Negroes. The question was put, "Which do you think feel more friendly toward Negroes, whites who have been to college or whites who have not?" It brought the following answers.

<i>More Friendly to Negroes</i>	<i>Whites</i>		<i>Negroes</i>	
	North	South	North	South
College whites....	58%	41%	76%	81%
All about the same	20	32	12	8
Other whites....	9	12	4	3
No opinion.....	13	15	8	8

Even 36% of the southern segregationists voted that college education made whites more friendly toward their Negro fellow men; their counterparts in the North voted 53% affirmatively.

A full fourth of the southern whites, however, said they think that college education tends to make Negroes less friendly to whites. They are contradicted by northern whites, only 8% of whom think college makes Negroes less friendly, and by all Negroes, only 7% of whom felt that what is to be learned

at college turns colored against white. This survey question was, "Which do you think feel more friendly toward whites, Negroes who have been to college or Negroes who have not?" Here are the statistics in detail.

<i>Most Friendly to Whites</i>	<i>Whites</i>		<i>Negroes</i>	
	North	South	North	South
College Negroes...	62%	36%	69%	72%
All about the same	18	21	19	14
Other Negroes...	8	26	5	8
No opinion.....	12	17	7	6

Actually, whites seem to be more influenced by education than Negroes are with respect to liking the other race and in desire for desegregation. Perhaps this is because whites, except in the South, do not confront the problem in their daily lives, as their Negro brethren do, and thus become increasingly aware of it as they progress in education. At any rate, when the college-trained whites themselves were interviewed, four out of every five said that they like most Negroes; but only a small majority of persons who had not gone beyond grade school answered likewise. Differences among Negroes were insignificant; among them, liking for whites is more general regardless of education. Here are the proportions among those who say they "like most members of the other race."

<i>Liking for other Race</i>	<i>Whites</i>		<i>Negroes</i>	
	North	South	North	South
All levels of education	70%	67%	80%	70%
Grade school or less	55	59	79	68
High school	71	67	81	71
College	81	77	83	70

A major test of attitudes was provided by a question on desegregation in general. Three fourths of the college-trained whites in the North favor the bringing of the two races together rather than keeping them apart as a means of lessening tensions. This contrasts with only a third of similarly educated southern whites in favor of bringing the races together. Still, in both North and South, the vote for general desegregation was much higher among college-educated whites than among the less literate. Negro percentages favoring desegregation were, of course, much higher, regardless of education, than among whites. Here is the vote by those who think it best to bring the races together.

<i>Against All Segregation</i>	<i>Whites</i>		<i>Negroes</i>	
	North	South	North	South
All levels of education	58%	17%	95%	87%
Grade school or less	45	7	94	77
High school	58	15	96	89
College	74	34	95	96

If, as the U.S. Supreme Court has decreed and the Catholic Church teaches, desegregation is a necessary and urgent step toward solution of the race problem, the foregoing table is eloquent testimony for the value of education as a means to that end. It shows that both North and South, among both whites and Negroes, the higher the level of education the greater is the conviction that the races should be brought together in brotherly love.

Disease Detectives in Action

An elite corps of public-health specialists fight epidemics by tracing them to their sources

THE GIRL sitting across from me, calmly sipping a Coke, didn't look like a killer-chasing sleuth. She was slim and fair, and talked with just the faintest trace of a southern drawl.

Her name was Helen Moore. In the bustle of the cafeteria, she looked like any of the secretaries who came chattering past the steam table, fretting about what was fattening or what they'd be having for dinner. But she wasn't really like the others, and the difference has meant the difference between life and death for a great many persons.

Helen Moore is one of the 70 young men and women of the Epidemic Intelligence service. This means that she needs to have some of the characteristics of both Sherlock Holmes and Louis Pasteur. She will rush anywhere an epidemic breaks out, and help local authorities quash it. Then she tries to find out how the epidemic got started, where the killer microbes lurked before striking, and whether they're quietly waiting to strike again.

"Our agents work very much as the FBI does," says her boss, Dr.



Alexander Langmuir of the Communicable Disease center in Atlanta, Ga., a division of the U.S. Public Health service. "Only we chase killers with swabs and test tubes instead of guns."

Even though modern medicine has made great progress against contagious diseases, such illnesses still wreck the lives of many Americans. The deaths of one out of four who die before they reach 35 can be traced to some contagious disease. In 1955, even with the Salk vaccine, there were 29,270 new cases of polio. The task of EIS agents like Dr. Helen Moore is to reduce the

*520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. February, 1957. © 1957 by Kiwanis International, and reprinted with permission.

incidence even more, and to crush the source of epidemics.

This job often calls for considerable sleuthing. Take the Case of the Foodless Banquet. Back in the winter of 1952, Dr. Harold Nitowsky was ordered by EIS to check a typhoid epidemic that had broken out in Trinidad, Colo. He discovered that all of the 13 victims were members of the same church. When, he asked, was the last time that they'd all been together?

"Why, at a church dinner just last month," said one of them.

So Dr. Nitowsky threw a "foodless banquet" at the church, a banquet that made up in imagination for what it lacked in nourishment. He asked every healthy person who had attended the original banquet to make a list of the foods they had eaten. He then compared these lists with similar ones supplied by the typhoid victims. By a process of elimination, he found three foods that might have caused the disease: a carrot salad, a macaroni-and-cheese salad, and the devil's-food cake. Then he looked up the people who had prepared these dishes and gave them complete physical examinations. One of them, the woman who had prepared the carrot salad, was a typhoid carrier.

The solution not only crushed the epidemic but so impressed the people of Trinidad that some 4,000 of them hastened to the nearest public-health station to get anti-typhoid shots.

Not all cases can be solved so easily. Most of them demand days and weeks of drudgery, of piecing bits of information together as painstakingly as in building a house of cards.

Four summers ago, for instance, three young girls in California suddenly fell ill with malaria. While authorities puzzled over the mystery (malaria had long been wiped out in California) a few more girls fell sick. Then a dozen, then two dozen, and finally 35 were down with the racking fever and chills.

All the victims were about 12, and all had attended Camp Fire Girl camps on the shores of Lake Vera in the foothills of the California Sierras. California called for help, and malaria expert Roy Fritz was assigned to the case.

"There were an awful lot of mosquitoes at camp this year," one of the girls told him. Fritz checked mosquito prevalence at Lake Vera, particularly the malarial mosquito, and found it unusually high. That could explain how the girls got the infection.

But where did the mosquitoes get the infection? From somebody who had brought the disease into the state, then been bitten by the mosquitoes: that was the only possible answer.

"Malaria just doesn't spring up spontaneously where it's been wiped out for years," explains one EIS agent.

With the help of local physicians

and state public-health officers, Fritz set out on the needle-in-a-hay-stack task of finding the person who carried the disease before he could do any more damage.

He checked doctors' offices for reports of cases that had symptoms similar to malaria, even if they had been diagnosed as something else. He checked drugstores for chills-tonic sales. He studied the medical histories of camp personnel and anybody else who might have come into direct contact with the victims.

For about a month he faced a blank wall. Then by chance he heard of a back-yard conversation between neighbors who lived near Lake Vera.

"Too bad about that malaria up by the lake," said one neighbor.

"Yes," said the other, "but he's all right now."

There was a confused silence. "He?" asked the first neighbor. "What do you mean 'he'?" Those were all girls who fell sick.

"My son. He had malaria in Korea, and he had a relapse not long ago. But he's all right now."

Fritz took up the lead. He found that the son, a young Marine, while camping out about a mile from the Camp Fire Girls' outing, had suffered an acute malarial relapse. He had been bitten by mosquitoes on the same night.

"After that it was simple," says an EIS agent. The mosquitoes carried the disease from the Marine to the girls in the camp; they, in turn,

carried it to their homes all over the state.

By the time those camps opened the next summer, the Lake Vera region had been so thoroughly sprayed that all the disease-carrying mosquitoes were completely blitzed.

Almost every month, the Epidemic Intelligence service handles two or three such emergencies. On each assignment they have the responsibility, but not the authority, of a police officer. They never enter any epidemic area, except federal reservations, without a request from a state public-health officer. And they never treat epidemic victims personally. That is left entirely to the private physician.

"The first guardian of the nation's health is the private physician," says Dr. Langmuir. "The first responsibility in any epidemic is that of the county and state public-health officers. Our job is to help them, not to replace them."

A disease detective may be a doctor of medicine, nurse, bacteriologist, statistician, even an engineer. Each EIS agent serves a two-year hitch as a commissioned officer in the U.S. Public Health service. Some of them then return to private practice. Others go to hospitals or medical schools for teaching and research. A few, like Dr. Helen Moore, think of making it a career.

The job is never easy, but it has its satisfactions, as Helen Moore can testify. She has seen whole communities, almost paralyzed by

fear, overcome their dread to work with the disease detectives in smashing an epidemic. Whenever contagion sweeps through a community, disease detectives like her are ready to spend months in pursuit of an elusive killer microbe. Even when the chase is futile, she knows that she has helped a community that could not have helped itself. Take, for example, a fairly typical case that reached a swift and tragic climax about three years ago.

One morning early in November, 1954, a 25-year-old war veteran was admitted to a Louisville hospital with a severe case of diphtheria. When Dr. Irwin Shafer, an EIS agent stationed in Louisville, checked the case, he discovered that the veteran had attended the funeral of a 16-year-old sister only the week before in Brandenburg, Ky. Dr. Shafer drove immediately to the veteran's home in Brandenburg.

There he found a terrifying network of diphtheria and disaster. The 16-year-old girl had dropped dead one morning shortly after she got out of bed. She had been sick for a week or more; the family doctor thought that she had only a sore throat.

Actually the girl had diphtheria. So did her twin sister, who shared the dead girl's bed. When *she* fell ill, the doctor diagnosed it as nephritis. She died three days after her sister. Dr. Shafer examined the seven remaining children and had special tests made.

"All of them had diphtheria, even though some of them did not fall seriously ill," he says.

To make matters worse, the youngsters had been attending school while they were developing the disease. "That meant all the children in the local schools had been exposed," says Dr. Shafer. In the next three days, 16 of them came down with diphtheria.

Dr. Shafer called EIS headquarters in Atlanta for help. Within 24 hours, Dr. Moore joined him in Brandenburg; within another 24 hours, Dr. Martin Frobisher, one of the nation's top experts on diphtheria, rushed to Louisville to set up a special diphtheria-testing laboratory. Working with the local public-health officials and three local physicians, and with the assistance of the whole community, the EIS agents took nose-and-throat swabbing from almost 1,000 persons, and rushed them to Dr. Frobisher's laboratory.

There, Dr. Frobisher performed the classic tests that revealed who carried the diphtheria bacilli. He found 80 of them. They were immediately isolated and were carefully watched for early symptoms of diphtheria. Their clothes, linen, dishes, and eating utensils were disinfected. The schools were closed for one week, and all the children were inoculated. The epidemic was broken, after four deaths, 24 confirmed cases of diphtheria, and 11 unconfirmed cases.

But one very important question remained: how did the epidemic get started? It had been 20 years since even one case of diphtheria had appeared around Brandenburg, so the EIS team knew that the disease did not exist naturally there; it must have been brought in from the outside. Dr. Shafer went from house to house seeking some clue to the eruption. He learned of two recent arrivals to the area from a southeastern region where the disease, and the particular type of diphtheria found in Brandenburg, are endemic. Dr. Shafer forwarded these leads to Helen Moore, who had already returned to her duties in Atlanta.

The first clue led nowhere. But the second, involving a 20-year-old Air Force private from Warner Robins Air Force base near Macon, Ga., seemed more hopeful. Dr. Moore went to Warner Robins, where she talked with the young man, whom we'll call William Mullen. He had visited his home not far from Brandenburg over the Labor day holiday—just long enough before the epidemic broke out for the disease to incubate and infect a whole family. His family were neighbors of the first victim of the epidemic. He remembered that he'd had a "little sore throat" when he was home (this is one of the common symptoms of diphtheria) but thought it wasn't serious enough to see a doctor about.

Everything fitted together neatly;

but if William Mullen had carried diphtheria (and the evidence was never anything more than circumstantial) he had picked it up from somebody else in Georgia. The problem was to find that person.

Dr. Moore started by searching her memory and her records. She turned up another case of diphtheria in which a family from Warner Robins was involved, apparently only indirectly. Late in August, a ten-year-old girl had fallen ill with diphtheria in northern Georgia. Among the children who had played with the stricken girl that day was a "blonde, doll-like little girl" that the victim thought came from Warner Robins. Dr. Moore hurried back to Warner Robins in search of the girl and her parents, whom we will call the Browns.

They weren't there. They had moved from their trailer-camp home early in September. There was no trace of them at the post office, nor at the school. One afternoon, while Dr. Moore was pondering where to check next, a health-department nurse casually asked her husband, when he made his dutiful daily phone call, if he knew the Browns. "Sure," he said. "They moved somewhere down to Pulaski county. I don't know where, though."

Dr. Moore drove to Hawkinsville, the Pulaski county seat. There she found a postman who recollected the name but "couldn't say exactly where they're living." He

sketched out several routes, and Dr. Moore began tramping over them, dodging dogs, knocking on the door of every farmhouse. Finally, after hours of checking, she found a man working in the fields who put her on the right trail.

At the Browns, the case came to a close—in futility. They did indeed have a “blonde, doll-like little girl” who remembered playing with the ten-year-old victim in Georgia. But the little girl didn’t have any trace of diphtheria when Dr. Moore examined her, and neither did any member of her family (although the bacilli might have passed unnoticed from their systems in the months since their exposure).

They insisted that they didn’t know Private Mullen and didn’t know any way they might have come into contact with him. That the contact might have been casual and unknowing couldn’t help in the *EIS* investigation.

In one hand, Helen Moore held the final link in the chain of evi-

dence leading back from the Brandenburg epidemic to Private Mullen of Warner Robins. In the other, she held the final link in the chain of evidence leading forward from a known case of diphtheria to the Browns of Warner Robins. But she could not find the link that connected the two chains. So, pressed by other duties, she reluctantly gave up.

“You have to have the zeal of a missionary to stay in epidemiology,” says one of Dr. Moore’s colleagues. You also have to have the sharpness of a trained scientist, the persistence of a Scotland-Yard man, and the cool indifference to danger of a pulp-fiction hero. Not every community (not even every state) can keep a staff of such specialists on hand. That is one reason why the federal government has developed this elite corps of disease detectives.

“Sometimes it’s hard work,” said Helen Moore, finishing her Coke, “but it’s always work that you love.”



CONFIDENTIAL

“Now, doctor, will you please say exactly what is wrong with me?” asked the patient after undergoing a thorough physical examination. “Do feel free to be completely frank.”

“Well, since you ask for it, I’ll give it to you straight,” the physician replied. “I don’t find much of anything wrong with you, except that you drink too much and appear to be abominably lazy.”

“Thank you, doctor,” beamed the gratified patient. “And now, will you be kind enough to write all that down in Latin? Then I can take a week off from the office.”

Mrs. E. Marschiolok.

The Threat of Revolving Credit

*Your financial lifeline
may become a halter*

RETAILERS are pushing a new device called revolving credit to influence people to buy on time. Business experts call it the fastest-growing development in consumer credit today.

It has other names: "revolving charge plan," "permanent budget account," and "convenient payment account." In general, it provides a fixed amount of credit for a fixed monthly payment. It is basically an add-on credit plan, with all the evils of add-on credit.

In the revolving-credit method, as the debt is repaid, the customer is permitted, in fact, urged, to make additional credit purchases up to the original limit. For example, if a family signs up for a \$100 plan, with a monthly payment of \$10, as it uses up this credit it can buy additional goods up to the original \$100 amount by continuing the same monthly payment. The family can keep this up permanently, and if the stores have their way, it will.

There are four notable risks to consumers in the drive of large retailers to get customers to buy through revolving-credit plans.

1. For the first time, consumers are being influenced on a large scale to buy clothing and other short-lived goods on credit; not just the very poor families who have always been the sales target of credit stores, but middle-income families with good credit ratings. Since finance charges are involved, a new and potentially permanent living cost is added to the expenses of moderate-income families.

2. Costs of using revolving credit are high. The true annual interest cost of revolving and other "budget" plans being promoted by the big mail-order houses is 18% to 22%. Buyers often don't realize the high credit cost of an "easy-payment" plan, because the cost is not stated as an interest rate, but most generally as a dollar cost. For example, the mail-order catalogues featuring this plan offer \$100-\$110 of credit for a carrying charge of \$11, with payments of \$10 a month.

In comparison to that \$11 fee, the cost of a 12-month \$100-\$110 loan from a credit union or other institution charging 1% on the declining balance is only \$6.50-\$7.15. A lead-

*P. O. Box 431, Madison 1, Wis. December, 1956. © 1956 by the Credit Union National Association, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

ing mail-order company advertises the service charge on its revolving charge plan as "a small service charge added each month, figured on the amount of balance outstanding." It cites this example: "If your monthly balance is \$30, your service charge will be 45¢. That "small" service charge amounts to a true annual interest rate of 18%.

Some department stores still hold to a 12% annual interest cost on their revolving-credit plans, but the charge is moving up all the time, particularly under the impact of the current tight-money situation and generally higher interest rates. For example, the National Retail Dry Goods association reports that a number of department stores have increased carrying charges from 12% to 14½%, and some to 16%. An increasing number of stores now add penalty charges to delinquent accounts.

Department stores are also tending to switch customers from no-interest charge accounts to installment and revolving-credit accounts which entail service fees, reports business writer Elmer Roessner. No-interest charge accounts have been soft-pedaled in recent years, so that they now total only about 1% of national disposable income, compared to 2% in 1939.

By its nature, soft-goods credit must cost the consumer more than traditional hard-goods and new-car credit, for there is no repossession possibility to minimize the credit

risk for sellers. In comparison to the 18% to 22% that mail-order houses charge for revolving and convenient-payment plans, their finance charge on household appliances is generally only 12%.

Of course, the high credit fees charged by the mail-order giants do not mean that they are not good places to buy—for cash. They may only be more candid than many other credit retailers, who may charge an ostensibly lower credit fee but often conceal another credit fee in the price of the merchandise itself.

A home-furnishings trade paper several years ago reported that stores selling primarily for cash generally take 40% of the selling price for their operating and profit margin, while installment furniture stores generally take 50%. This indicates that in the home-furnishings field, credit stores charge about 20% more than stores selling for cash.

3. A third danger of revolving credit is that it ties a family to one store. That, of course, is a major purpose of retailers in promoting such plans. But the family that marries one retailer for the budget convenience sacrifices the savings of comparison shopping. Credit buying also tends to distract buyers from the real prices of the goods. The manager of a chain of credit clothing stores once remarked that his stores could retail dresses for \$30 that cost only \$10 at wholesale, because customers did not think of

them as \$30 dresses, but as "50¢-a-week dresses."

4. Another danger is overbuying, or diverting income from family needs to less important merchandise purchases. It is too easy for a family to fall into a careless spending pattern when it has a standing invitation to buy up to the limit of its account or even exceed it by increasing its monthly payments.

Among the traditional installment and credit stores, the add-on pressure is even more intense. A recent investigation of credit practices in New York state found add-on contracts a major source of consumer complaint. It was reported that in some cases a salesman is sent to the home to solicit a second order while the first purchase is being paid for. What consumers generally don't realize is that if a conditional sales contract is involved, such add-on purchases may jeopardize their original purchases.

The revolving credit and other add-on techniques have been notably successful in inducing families to pile up debt. Note these evidences of the growth of credit plans, and the pressure on consumers to use credit rather than cash.

1. Sears Roebuck reports that one out of every 6½ families in the country now has a credit account (of one type or another) with Sears.

2. Potential customers who ask for one firm's catalogue get back an application for a credit account and a letter stating that the limited

supply of the big catalogue is reserved for those who open such accounts; others can have the smaller sales catalogue, and if they order from it, will then get the next big catalogue when it is published.

3. When you open another company's catalogue, the first promotion that hits your eye is a tipped-in folder advertising credit plans. It is headlined: "You can afford to OWN MORE THAN YOU THINK."

4. Of 375 department stores represented at a recent conference sponsored by the National Retail Dry Goods association, only 30 had no revolving-credit plans. Several speakers warned the laggards that they would lose customers to stores that have revolving credit.

5. The total consumer-credit debt outstanding is now equal to about 13% of personal income after taxes. Before the 2nd World War, it ran about 10%. Last year, when it had reached 12%, economists were already concerned. Most of this 13% is owed on monthly payment plans. If home mortgages were added, the figure would be about 45%.

Fortune magazine in a frank article called "Budgetism—Opiate of the Middle Classes," recently reported that finance charges are a new source of profit for retailers. It pointed out that young couples today are so bemused by the rhythm of "equal monthly payments" that they hardly think about the cost of money at all. *Fortune* editor William H. Whyte, Jr., wrote: "Even

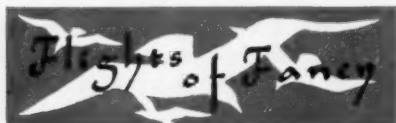
the most hardened credit men are flabbergasted; so many young people have been staying 'bought up' that some department stores are making more profit on the interest charges than they are on the goods themselves. Department-store people don't quite have a guilty conscience on the subject, but when they start talking about high administrative overhead, or 'the service to the customer,' only the humorless can keep a straight face."

In the auto industry, the dealer's reserve or rebate on the finance charge traditionally is part of his profit. In fact, in times of strong competition it is sometimes the largest part of the dealer's profit; it offsets an overallowance on trade-ins. Some dealerships exist to make profit only on the finance charge.

Are department stores and mail-order houses now embarked on a

similar trend, to the ultimate point where the merchandise they sell is only an adjunct to making a profit on a credit transaction?

Maybe, unless the public realizes the following things: 1. that installment credit is expensive; 2. that to protect its living standard a moderate-income family must avoid the drain of interest charges on small everyday purchases; 3. that credit should be reserved for the expensive items it cannot finance from its own income; and 4. that when cash available may not meet seasonal requirements for smaller items and soft goods, as for Christmas presents or spring-clothing outfits, it can borrow the money on temporary loans at lower cost from reasonable-rate sources. A "permanent-budget" account can too easily become a permanent addition to the cost of living.



Sea heaving in its slumber.

Hammond Innes

Lazy people yearning a living.

Richard T. Johnson

Clouds sulking before they cry.

Sister M. Pascal, I.H.M.

A smile as adjustable as his tie.

Mrs. Ernest Miller

A smile with too much starch in it.

Ray McMullen

Hair like a gone-to-seed dandelion.

Betty MacDonald

Bulldozer unrolling ladder tracks.

E. Patrick Harrigan

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Matthew and His Gospel

*It is our best profile of
Christ, by one who
knew Him intimately*

ST. MATTHEW was the first biographer of Christ. Our Lord had chosen him as an intimate friend, one of the 12 who were to share his public life. So Matthew knew the story of Christ as well as anyone could. He was in an ideal position to tell us exactly who Christ was and just what He did.

But to the Jews of the day, Matthew seemed a poor choice for Christ to make. Matthew was a tax collector. The Jews could think of many reasons for hating tax collectors. One chief reason was that they represented the Romans, whom the Jews considered the enemies of God.

But Christ evidently saw a great deal of good in Matthew, for it was early in his ministry, as He was passing the tax collector's office, that Christ had said to him, "Follow me." And according to the Gospel story, Matthew left his affairs then and there, and followed in the footsteps of Our Lord for the rest of his life.

The Gospels tell us very little about Matthew the man. But tra-



dition adds some important details. He was probably a native of Galilee, as our Lord was. But, unlike Christ, he was not a poor man. The Gospels say that on the night after Christ called him, Matthew gave a feast for Him and the other disciples. There were many "publicans and sinners" at the banquet, a fact which scandalized the Pharisees. But Christ, in answering them that night, said simply, "I came to call sinners, not the just."

The friendship of Matthew and Peter represents the attraction of opposites. The only apparent likeness between the two was that both were Apostles. Peter was impetuous and emotional. Matthew was cool and observant. Peter was poor

*Prepared especially for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by the Paulist Writers' bureau.

The Paulist Writers' bureau has prepared articles on all four evangelists for *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*. Mark, Luke, and John will be treated in future issues.

and uneducated, a mere fisherman. But Matthew was a learned man, and worldly-wise as well. He was orderly, precise, and well read. Matthew knew well all the books of the Old Testament.

Matthew had a rare faculty for grasping a situation, summarizing it, and then presenting it in a way easy to remember. For instance, when he began his account of Christ's life, Matthew in a few lines traced our Lord's ancestors all the way back to David and Abraham. The Jews were always much impressed by ancient lineage. But they had a special reason for their interest in Christ's.

The Jews knew from the prophets that the Messiah would be David's descendant. That was why Matthew, as a good teacher, traced Christ's ancestors in three groups of 14. The number 14 is the sum of the Hebrew letters which make up the name of David. (Hebrew letters also stood for numbers.)

According to tradition, Matthew preached for a number of years throughout Palestine, especially in Judea. Afterwards, about the year 41 or 42, he went to the Gentiles, most likely to Ethiopia. Some say that he died a natural death, others

that he was martyred. It was probably about the year 42, or at least before the year 50, that Matthew wrote his Gospel. The Christians in Palestine had been urging him to do this for some time. They wanted a story of Christ's life written out, so that they could read about Him when the Apostles were away preaching in other towns.

Four men, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, eventually wrote accounts of Christ. But Matthew was the first, and his Gospel became famous throughout all the East and the Roman empire in the West. We have records of the early Church writers freely quoting St. Matthew from the year 95 onward.

Each of the four biographers of Christ had his own particular style and his own idea of what was most important to remember in Christ's life. And each had a special audience in mind when he wrote, and adapted his story accordingly. That is why we need to read all four accounts to get the complete picture of Christ.

Matthew wrote for the Christian Jews of Palestine. Naturally, he never finds it necessary to explain the Jewish customs and manners that he refers to, or the topography or provincial peculiarities of Palestine, as Luke does. Matthew's aim was to prove to Jews (who knew all about those things) that our Lord was in truth the Christ, the expected Messiah.

Matthew frequently refers to the

Messianic. prophecies of the Old Testament, to show that they were all fulfilled in Christ. The first Gospel contains more than 65 quotations from the Old Testament, a greater number than in the other three Gospels combined. Matthew had a large field to choose from, since there are more than 450 references to the Messias in the Old Testament books.

Matthew's Gospel, proving that Christ was indeed the Saviour, was first written in Aramaic, but since few understood that language it was soon translated into Greek. The Greek text was used by St. Jerome when he wrote, in the 4th century, what is still the official Latin text, the Vulgate. Most of our present English editions come from this Latin vulgate.

The Church uses Matthew's Gospel more than any other on the Sundays of the year (21 times). She does this because Matthew organized the teachings of Christ in a more orderly fashion than the other evangelists did. His Gospel is divided into four sections: the genealogy of Christ, the sermons that He preached, his passion and death, and finally his Resurrection and his final appearances on earth before his ascension into heaven.

The longest part of Matthew's Gospel is that section which contains the sermons. It includes 22 of his 28 chapters. He begins each account of these sermons with a narrative background, including a

description of both the audience and the locale. Each section ends with the same words, "And it came to pass when Jesus had finished these words. . . ."

All the sermons treat the same subject: the kingdom of God which Christ earned for us by his death on the cross. And each one reveals more and more about the kingdom. The first one, which we know as the Sermon on the Mount, sets forth the conduct necessary to enter the new kingdom. The second sermon warns that all who do not join the kingdom become the enemies of it. In his best-known 13th chapter, the chapter of parables, Matthew places the third sermon, which tells what the kingdom is like. The fourth sermon explains the relation between Christ the King and those belonging to his kingdom. And finally, in chapter 24, Christ tells us through Matthew that his kingdom in heaven will replace his kingdom on earth (the Church) at the end of the world.

Probably none of these five great sermons of Christ was preached at any one time in the same form in which Matthew records it. Many scholars believe that Christ preached only briefly on most occasions when He spoke to crowds. What Matthew wanted to do was to bring together in organized form all that Christ had to say on a particular subject. This explains why, in the sermons, some points

may appear not to follow what has gone before.

The Church, in those Masses in which she uses Matthew's Gospel, takes only those sections which can tell a story by themselves. But that leaves out a great deal of Matthew's book, especially those parts which can give an insight into what it was like to be an intimate friend of Christ. All of Matthew's biography of Christ should be read to get the full impact.

But we cannot read any of the

four Gospel writers in the same way that we read other books. Essential points are likely to be missed if any Gospel is read too quickly. It is best to read about a chapter at a time, and then try to mentally organize that chapter before going on. Most other books have only fleeting importance, but the Gospels were written for all time, "that you may learn to believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and believing, that you may have life in his name."

In Our Parish

In our parish the first grade was just finishing its art class. Little Paul leaned across the aisle to whisper to his pal Eddie.

"What did you draw?"

Eddie proudly showed his masterpiece, Bishop Sheen.

Paul was horrified. "You're not supposed to put a cowboy hat on him. He's a bishop."

"I know," said Eddie, "but I bet if he wasn't a bishop he'd be a cowboy."

Mrs. James W. Stukel.



In our parish we usually have a high Mass each morning in our convent chapel. Lately, however, on two mornings in a row, Father happened to say a low Mass. So the Sister who serves as sacristan had to extinguish the six tall candles and light the two small ones.

On the third morning, she decided that she would ask Father first. She stopped as she passed the sacristy where the priest was preparing for Mass, and said briefly, "High, Father?"

Father turned around, looked puzzled, and then replied doubtfully, "Good morning, Sister."

Sister Anne.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Yankee Doodle Dandy

George M. Cohan will once again give his regards to Broadway, beside Father Duffy

MR. YANKEE DOODLE DANDY himself will soon be back on Broadway, and in company he'd be proud to be with. In the neon-lighted heart of Times Square, a statue of George M. Cohan will be erected next to that of Father Francis Patrick Duffy, famous chaplain of the Fighting 69th regiment. The two figures will dominate the Great White Way, a street both of them knew and loved well.

Sculptor Georg Lober is busy completing his conception of the dapper actor in a characteristic jaunty pose, with straw hat and cane in hand. The bronze statue, eight and a half feet high, will stand on a seven-foot pedestal.

But that's not the only tribute to be paid this year to the man who has been called the Prince of the American Theater. Television, the one theatrical medium he never had a chance to conquer, has given George M. the nod by wrapping up his life in a lavish "spectacular," with Mickey Rooney playing the lead.

Cohan's life could be called the



original spectacular, even without benefit of TV. His career was packed with more dazzling success, more pathos, more astonishing twists than any six writers could devise.

His childhood was intertwined with the theater. His vaudevillian parents carried him onstage as a babe. At five he was publicly scraping tunes on a fiddle, occasionally standing on his head while he played. At nine he made his debut in a play called *Daniel Boone*.

There was a long period when he wasn't just on Broadway; he was Broadway. With his enormous energy and talent, he drove himself to the top in nearly every branch of the theater. As one biographer has said, "He was a combination of Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby, Frank Loesser, Josh Logan, and Lindsay and Crouse, wrapped in an Ameri-

can flag and tied with a green ribbon."

And then there was the sad time when he and Broadway were on the outs, when almost singlehandedly he fought Actors' Equity in its struggle to be recognized, and lost. He swore he'd become an elevator operator if he was defeated, but, of course, he didn't. He rallied and came back to star as an actor, in other men's plays.

He was the only song writer ever to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor, for *Over There*, theme song of the 1st World War. He wrote so many songs that as long as there's a barbershop quartet, a home-town band, or a pair of musically inclined lovers around, he'll never be forgotten. *Give My Regards to Broadway*, *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *Grand Old Flag*, and *Mary Is a Grand Old Name* are just a few of the hits he wrote.

Unlike most celebrities, George M. lived to see his life portrayed on the screen. True, it was a highly sentimentalized version (Jimmy Cagney played the lead and ever since has had a bit of the Yankee Doodle Dandy about him) but it was a rousing triumph. Even George M. approved. As one of his daughters commented, "It was the kind of a life daddy would have liked to live."

That was in 1941. He died on Nov. 5 of the next year, after a long bout with cancer. The public, who had always jammed the theater

to see him, crowded into St. Patrick's cathedral to bid him farewell at a solemn requiem Mass.

There was no eulogy, and there was no need for one. It was written on the tear-stained faces of hundreds of mourners as they watched the bronze casket move slowly down the aisle to the muted strains of *Over There*.

Two things about the Cohan career have always called for explanation. One is his name. His father, Jeremiah Cohan, was a west Irishman whose ancestors spelled their surname O'Caoman. Jerry's father altered it to Keohane, and Jerry himself changed it to Cohan. It was easier to spell out in lights. It led to many misunderstandings, but neither father nor son minded. George loved to quote the critic who wrote, "The Jews think Cohan is Jewish and the Irish know better, so he gets them going and coming."

The other enigma concerned his birth date. All his life George M. celebrated his birthday on the 4th of July. In fact, he practically took the day over from the nation, fireworks and all. Yet, according to the certificate of birth and Baptism filed with St. Joseph's church of Providence, R. I., George Michael Cohan was born on July 3, 1878. He was born in a \$6-a-week attic bedroom in a boardinghouse near the theater where his parents were billed as Jeremiah John Cohan, the Dancing Philosopher and Helen Costigan Cohan, Mirth-Maker. It would seem that

perennial showman and patriot George Cohan appreciated the value of a dramatic birth date and didn't let a few hours keep him from having one.

A tireless, stringy kid (he never weighed 100 pounds until he was past 25), young Georgie was confident he would make good from the minute he met up with footlights. He and his older sister Josephine roamed the country with their parents' act. George christened the act *The Four Cohans* and later upped it to *The Royal Family*. There was nothing he didn't do with feverish energy.

In addition to singing and dancing, he wrote sketches, pasted billboards, painted scenery, worked the box office, sold programs. Winters, he trouped; summers he spent in North Brookfield, Mass., a town that remembers him as "the freshest kid in shoes." He wasn't interested in school; in fact, he liked to say he had read only three books in his life, all of them by Mark Twain. He often declared that his only real school was in stock in Buffalo, when he played 35 parts in 35 weeks.

It was in Buffalo that he received his first rave notices. Every week, the *Buffalo Advertiser* devoted a whole column to praising "the rising young star, George M. Cohan."

George wasn't surprised. He had written the reviews himself. In return for his getting the paper some ads, the editor gave him free space.

It was about this time that Cohan tried his hand at song writing. Every day he wrote a new song and sent it off to New York. He hit the jackpot for a munificent \$10 with a little number called *Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home?* Bursting with pride, he ran around singing it for anyone who would listen. But when the song came out, the publishers had completely rewritten it, and George had a hard job convincing all his actor chums that he really was a full-fledged composer.

The lad had a knack for dashing off catchy lyrics. Once, when he was 14, *The Four Cohans* hit a streak of bad luck and went broke. George ran all the way to a music publisher, sold a song he had just composed, plus an option on whatever songs he might write for the next five years. Then he ran home just as breathlessly and handed his father a check for \$200.

The Cohans were an exceptionally close-knit family. All his life, even after he was a grown man, married and a father himself, George told his mother where he was going when he left the house and never failed to kiss her good night. His father was a strict disciplinarian. George might have been the cock of the walk outside; but at home whatever his father said, went.

Someone once asked George how he developed his passion for baseball. "When I was a kid my father

told me I should like baseball," he answered seriously. "So I did."

Even so, George liked to keep his home relationships to himself. On one occasion he wrote a 270-page life story for publication and never mentioned his family once. (He was married twice and had three daughters and a son.) It wasn't vanity on his part; he thought the public wanted to know him as a theatrical personality, not someone with family ties like their own.

George wasn't one to keep his mouth shut if he thought he was right. And he wasn't afraid of anyone. At the ripe age of 15, he told off B. F. Keith, operator of the largest vaudeville circuit in America. George insisted that Keith wasn't living up to his promises about billing *The Four Cohans*. Keith insisted he was.

"No member of the Cohan family will ever play for you again as long as we live," the spunky youngster told the powerful Keith. And no Cohan ever did.

He was 26, and already a well-known figure on Broadway, when he took the step that was to turn the Great White Way into his private boulevard. He teamed up with Sam H. Harris, a young boxing promoter who had been a newspaper boy and a street-corner singer. It was the most profitable partnership in theatrical history. Their very first play was a winner. *Little Johnny Jones* (book, words, and music

by George M. Cohan, featuring *The Four Cohans*) soon had all America singing *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

His home-town paper, the *Providence Journal*, accused George of playing on the patriotic sensibilities of the public. "I'll get even with Providence," said George. He refused to play the town for ten years.

Cohan and Harris produced more than 150 theatrical attractions in the next 15 years, some 40 of which Cohan wrote. They included *The Wise Guy*; *Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway*; *George Washington, Jr.*; *The Talk of New York*; *The Man Who Owns Broadway*; *The Yankee Prince*; *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*; *The Little Millionaire*; *Seven Keys to Baldpate*. They also built and operated theaters, including five in New York and two in Chicago, and had 40 performing companies touring for them from coast to coast.

The star attraction was always George himself, cane tucked under his arm, hat at a rakish angle, strutting his inimitable cakewalk and dropping wisecracks out the side of his mouth.

"Cohan is a disease," commented one reviewer, "but the patient enjoys himself."

Cohan dashed off his high-speed farces like a griddleman turning flapjacks. His basic formula for writing plays was simple. "First think of something to say," he recommended; "then say it the way theatergoers want to hear it—mean-

ing you must lie like the dickens."

It was typical of Cohan to say "dickens." He abhorred profanity and vulgarity. He insisted on giving the public clean dialogue in decent plays. He saw no humor in salaciousness, and in his later years he turned out a vehement article decrying the trend toward smut on Broadway. "When in doubt, go in for a laugh," he'd say. "An honest one."

Alexander Woolcott remarked that one of Cohan's plays sounded "as if he had written it on the back of an envelope while waiting for the barber," a criticism with which Cohan probably was delighted. When old age had mellowed him, he was the first to admit his shortcomings. He even summed up his talents thus. "As a dancer I could never do more than three steps; as a composer I could never find use for more than four or five notes in my musical numbers; I am a one-key piano player; and as a playwright, I have presented most of my plays in two acts for the simple reason that I could seldom think of an idea for the third."

He was always a stickler for realism. For one musical, he suddenly decided that the stage should be knee-deep in autumn leaves. A rush order went out for artificial leaves (it was midsummer). The leaves arrived backstage just as George was ready to go on. The stagehands quickly scattered them behind the footlights. Right on their heels came

George, strutting and singing. The more he danced, the more he sensed that something was wrong. Looking down, he discovered that the glue holding leaves to stems was not yet dry. The entire autumn cargo was sticking to his legs and feet.

Cohan was in his natural element with a live audience. Movies didn't attract him. He made a couple of films, but that was a phase of his career he preferred to ignore. "Movies are nothing but shadowboxing," he declared. And years later, when Hollywood beckoned again, he still insisted when asked about talkies, "It's still shadowboxing, with sound added."

In 1929, just after he had closed in *Gambling*, a play for which he received brilliant notices, a Hollywood studio decided he and the entire cast should repeat their success on film. Cohan and the company got as far as Chicago when the studio forwarded a sheath of contracts for Cohan to sign before going farther. Indignant, he took the next train back to New York.

"My word is my bond," he said. "They could have trusted me beyond Chicago!" He paid everyone involved out of his own pocket for the time lost.

This wasn't the only occasion when Chicago produced an unexpected turn of events for Cohan. One Christmas eve, he was playing in the Four Cohans theater there, and the house was almost empty.

At intermission, a member of the scattered audience came backstage and apologized profusely for the Windy City.

"It shouldn't happen to a swell actor like you," he said. "I'm gonna do something about it. I'll order my boys to fill up the theater for every performance as long as you're in town."

George M. had a hard time convincing his admirer that he didn't want to play to a packed house if the packing was involuntary. He pointed out that a slim house was customary on Christmas eve, when most people were home trimming trees.

"I say it's an insult and I'll make people come and see you," insisted the visitor, "or my name's not Al Capone." Cohan left Chicago the next day.

At the height of his success, the man who had been born in an attic was worth millions, and lived up to them. Out on Long Island he had a magnificent estate with a 27-room house, seven baths, a six-car garage, and two motor launches. In New York he maintained a fancy office that he seldom visited ("I like my office in my hat," he'd say) and an equally lavish suite at the Savoy Plaza.

He loved to walk, and always bought five pairs of shoes to go with every suit in his wardrobe so that he could "outwalk" each suit. On Saturdays, he usually went for his "money walk."

He'd put \$500 in \$5 and \$10 bills in his pockets and stroll down Broadway.

As he walked along, he distributed the bills to a regular list of "pensioners," longtime friends of the theater who were down and out. Not for nothing was he known as the easiest touch on Broadway. One day an old-timer who had developed TB came up and asked him for a small donation. Cohan listened to his hard-luck story, and without breaking his stride signed his name to a \$10,000 check.

"Here, take this, kid," he told the dumbfounded ex-actor. "Take care of yourself."

"Kid" was the backbone of Cohan's vocabulary. He seldom completed a sentence without it. Even when he was dying, he'd say briskly to anyone who asked how he felt, "No complaints, kid. I'm great, kid."

Cohan's fabulous career took a nose dive in 1919, when Broadway was hit with the biggest labor strike it ever had. Almost every play in town shuttered. Actors refused to go on until producers recognized Actors' Equity association as their bargaining agent. Cohan, who was both actor and producer, seemed to take the strike as a personal insult. He formed the Actors' Fidelity league to take the side of management and put up \$100,000 of his own to keep it rolling. Hotheaded and stubborn, he broke with men who had been his friends for years.

even resigning from the Lambs and Friars clubs. But the Prince of the Theater had made a mistake, and he went down to an overwhelming defeat. Actors' Equity became the leading force on Broadway. For the rest of his life, Cohan never understood their victory and remained bitter about it.

Within a year, he split with Sam Harris, and announced that he was going to be an independent producer. His success thereafter was spotty.

It wasn't until 1933 that George came back to solid glory on Broadway, this time as a fine actor in Eugene O'Neill's *Ah Wilderness*. Again, in 1937, he proved that he was one of the theater's most talented performers, portraying F.D.R. in Rogers and Hart's political spoof, *I'd Rather Be Right*.

Stage, music, and films were not enough for Jerry Cohan's boy. He even had a radio career. It got off to a bad start in 1932 when the Old Gold people offered him \$10,000 a week but requested that he take an audition.

"Keep your blindfold tests for cigarettes, not for me," said George.

A year later, he debuted for Gulf Oil, singing old-time favorites; still later, he carried on the same type of program for Cities' Service.

Where show business was concerned, he never ducked the lime-light. Once he upbraided a press agent for not getting his name in the papers every day.

"But you're not doing anything right now," said the publicity man.

"Well, rumor me, then, rumor me!" barked George.

He frequently announced that he was retiring, so frequently that the newspapers kept the headline "Cohan Says He'll Retire" within reach of their typesetters. He had retired for about the tenth time after a brief run in a play called *Pigeons and People* when a chance acquaintance gushed, "Oh Mr. Cohan, haven't you got a hankering to play again?"

"Madam, I just closed a hankering," Cohan told her.

The Yankee Doodle Dandy was 63 and had only a year to live when he received what he felt was the greatest honor of his career. He was summoned to Washington to acquire a special congressional award for writing the unforgettable *Over There*. President Roosevelt was to make the presentation.

"I hope he doesn't ask me to sing it," quipped Cohan en route. "I always forget the words."

No actor has ever been so widely imitated as Cohan. Even those who weren't of the theater copied his style. At a Catholic Actors' guild dinner given in honor of the Cohans, Al Smith, then governor of New York, got up and did a letter-perfect take-off of George. And Billy Rose once complained that it wasn't safe to go walking with Cohan.

"He came out to the World's Fair

and I used to walk around the grounds with him every evening," said Rose. "Before I knew it, I was strutting like him and talking out the side of my mouth. I had to give up those strolls to get over it."

An interviewer once asked Cohan what his philosophy of life

was. "There's only one thing that counts for me," he answered "You've got to be on the level."

And that's just the way the Prince of the Theater, the Man Who Owned Broadway, played the part that was his for 64 colorful years: strictly on the level.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

A friend of mine—I'll call her "Margaret Crane"—was in the hospital having her first baby when she met Stephen. He was two, and he had a circulatory disease that baffled the doctors. His parents could not provide properly for him, and didn't want him, anyway.

Margaret's own baby was premature. Even after she took him home he was very frail; no formula seemed to agree with him. Yet despite Margaret's anxiety about her own baby, she often thought of Stephen.

A year later, Margaret was back in the hospital for the birth of her second child. She was surprised to find that Stephen was still there. His circulatory condition had slowly improved, and he would soon be able to leave the hospital, but his parents had since separated, and neither wanted him.

"Why don't we adopt him?" Margaret suggested to her husband. "I can't stop thinking about that poor child—and three children would make a lovely family."

Stephen fitted into the family right from the start. He seemed almost completely well now, and proved an excellent playmate for John, the still-delicate "preemie." The two boys would romp happily in the back yard, amusing each other while Margaret was busy with the new baby.

Then suddenly Stephen died. In their genuine sorrow Margaret and her husband did not at first notice the change in John, but it soon became too marked to overlook. Thanks to his happy days with Stephen, John was now eating all the food on his plate, and sleeping all night without waking. He was no longer frail. Now, as she sees him wrestling with his husky younger brother, Margaret says, "Thank you, God." Then she adds, "And thank you, Stevie."

Catherine Farrell.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The Time We Helped a Poor Widow

*'The poor you have always with you' was
a text some members of the Catholic
Family movement already knew*

THE CHRISTIAN Family movement was a new Catholic organization, and we were a new CFM group. The idea was to study the Gospel, discuss it, then adopt a plan to put the Gospel to work in our daily lives. The six couples in our group were still shy at our second meeting, hesitant to discuss the Bible text (Matthew 25, 31-46) that we had studied. But Harry's blunder broke the ice.

"We should do what we can to clothe the hungry and feed the naked," he said. His wife, Ethel, laughed loudest.

The action we adopted that night was simple. We would pool our used clothing to help a widow with five children. It was an ordinary action, but we were ordinary people. I was a reporter; Harry was a steelworker; Ed was a lawyer; Bill was a salesman; Sam worked in a credit department; Larry was a fireman at a near-by naval base. We all had families.

Through the school principal, one couple got a list of the clothing sizes. The widow's children were



two boys, nine and ten, and three girls, seven, 11, and 19. We planned to help the four youngest. A girl of 19, we thought, probably wouldn't need help. As it turned out, she needed help the most.

When we had packed the clothes, Harry and I agreed to deliver them. He picked me up the next night at about 8:30, and we drove to the widow Foster's house in a cold, drizzling rain.

She lived on a street that is two blocks long and has three houses, no sidewalks, and lots of weeds. The house looked like a tiny pile

of bomb ruins. It sagged on an uneven foundation; its broken windows were stuffed with rags. Part of the roofing flapped in the wind. We lugged the boxes up to a set of rickety steps which led to a porch with flooring only here and there. Balancing the box on bare joists, I knocked.

Inside there was a rush of feet. The door opened and two boys and two girls peered out. We explained that we had clothing for them. "Come in," one yelled, swinging the door wide.

There was hardly room to put down the box of clothes. The room was a junkyard of disorder, containing a sad sofa, two battered dressers, an oil heater, and boxes and boxes stacked everywhere. Boxes with clothes hanging from them were piled on the dressers. The walls of unpainted wallboard had holes the size of shell wounds.

"Where's your mother?" Harry asked.

"Working," said Mickey, the nine-year-old. "She'll be home pretty soon."

In the kitchen two pans caught water from leaks in the roof. Four tables were piled high with boxes, old trunks, and more old clothes. Two stoves stood in the room, a new electric one and an ancient range that wasn't connected.

Just then the mother came home. She was in her early 40's, a tall, once pretty brunette. "If the clothes will fit we can use them," she said.

"So many people bring things we can't use." She pointed to the piles of rags in a corner and laughed.

"Is there something else we could help you with?" I offered, convinced now that our idea about used clothing wasn't so hot.

"Beds," Mrs. Foster said. "Look in the bedroom."

The children, Judith, 11; Virginia, seven; Paul, 10; and Mickey pushed excitedly ahead of us into the bedroom off the front room. The children were healthy looking, eager to be friendly, and wild. The oil heater wasn't working, but they wore no coats.

"Me and Judy sleep there with mom," Virginia said, pointing to an old double bed with a mattress that had a gaping hole in the center. Rags were stuffed into the hole. Two piles of rags were the boys' beds. Two pans on the floor caught leaks from the bedroom ceiling, too.

On the way home, Harry and I were silent, dazed. The family's poverty was unbelievable. When we got home we called an emergency meeting. "At least we can sell the rags and buy glass for the windows," Harry told the group.

The wives agreed to wash all the usable clothes. In the next week, we brought them to Harry's house, sorted everything, sent some to the ragman, and returned the others clean to the Fosters. On Saturday the men put glass in the windows.

But glass in the windows merely

accented the other holes in the house. I explained the situation to a carpenter friend. He agreed to measure the house and estimate the materials needed to fix it up. The list he delivered included wallboard, insulation, roofing, lumber, and nails.

"You can have the insulation, wallboard, and roofing," the salvage manager of the Johns-Manville plant told me. "Get a truck and pick it up."

Bill borrowed a truck. While we were picking the materials up, Sam and Ed were at a lumber company. The owner listened impassively. "I'll give half," he said finally. "My biggest competitor is Johnson's. Make them give you the other half."

Across town, Johnson's manager laughed at this. "OK," he said. "We'll meet the opposition half way." That afternoon both companies made deliveries.

The following Saturday the Foster residence swarmed with CFM members. Men nailed roofing into place. Inside, the children helped the men rip off the old wallboard. The women came to serve coffee to their husbands, and, to find room to work, they cleaned the kitchen, throwing out stacks of debris. The carpenter turned up unexpectedly.

"Didn't have anything else to do," he explained, unpacking his toolbox. He began repairing the steps and the front porch, stopping long enough to help Harry cut the

wallboard to fit. Less skilled hands nailed it into place.

In the kitchen, the women had found that only one table had four legs. They discarded three of the tables, then the old stove. The kitchen took on a roomy look. Ed came up with new linoleum.

A storeroom next to the kitchen was attacked, and its broken furniture thrown out. The carpenter tore off the old wallboard, put in insulation, and nailed new wallboard into place. At the top of the wall adjoining the front bedroom, he cut a hole so that heat would circulate. All outside walls of the house were insulated, too. With the heater repaired, you could feel the difference.

Meanwhile, Larry, the naval-station fireman, had made a deal. An officer at the station arranged for him to get a surplus bunk bed, two hospital beds, and mattresses and mattress covers. The old bedding was burned in the back yard. The children gathered around the fire, happily singing *This Ole House*.

I was painting in the kitchen when I suddenly remembered the 19-year-old. "Where is your older daughter?" I asked Mrs. Foster.

The mother flushed, glancing at the children. "Oh," she said, "she's visiting auntie in town."

Father Irish, the young priest who was the CFM chaplain, had been hesitant about our undertaking. I wondered if the older daughter had something to do with his

curious silence about the whole project.

But the older girl was forgotten in the press of new work. Shelves were installed in the living room to replace the ancient dressers. Each child had his own shelf stacked neatly with good clothing. I found a furniture store that would give us a good used sofa, but this time no one could borrow a truck.

At the South-Side fire station, I mentioned my problem to the lieutenant in charge. Suddenly he grinned. "You can take that old No. 4 rig," he said. "Sneak it out when it gets dark."

It is hard to be sneaky with a fire truck, especially an obsolete one that barely runs. But that night I drove it through alleys to the store, loaded on the sofa, and delivered it across town, worrying, all the while, about what my friends on the police force would do if they caught me. But they didn't.

Within two weeks, we got the first clue to Father Irish's apprehension. Harry, visiting the house to deliver more clean clothes, found that Mickey and Paul had used the ventilator hole between the two bedrooms to play cops and robbers. It was fun to climb the wall, crawl through the hole, and drop down into the other room. They had kicked a big hole in the wallboard.

We put up a new section of wallboard. This time the carpenter inserted a cross of 2x4 pieces and nailed it into place in the ventilator

hole. Air circulated, children didn't.

By then the clothes we had washed the first week were dirty again. The new shelves were empty; dirty clothes were discarded in piles about the house. Cans and garbage made a pyramid in the kitchen. A huge box had been brought into the kitchen for other garbage.

Then the 19-year-old came home. Her name was Joan. Joan was unmarried but pregnant.

Another special meeting was called. It turned out that this was Joan's second pregnancy. She had been going steady with a Latin-American boy. She liked him, but she considered Latin Americans "inferior" and she wouldn't marry him.

At this meeting, Father Irish finally spoke up. "Many groups doing good works are disappointed by a turn of events; they let the disappointment overcome them. And they do not grow spiritually." He paused. "'Blessed are the clean of heart.' That means that the clean of heart do not expect praise, not even thanks. They give without selfish motives." He looked around at the group. "Don't let any disappointment spoil the charity of your work."

Harry and Ethel volunteered to take Joan into their home. Harry had the most beautiful house of any in our group. He had bought navy barracks, had torn them down, and, in three years, had built his

home. It had ten rooms; it was elegantly furnished, carpeted throughout; and it was in a nice neighborhood.

Approaching Joan was a problem. She was the type of girl who can be gracious and winsome, or coarse and rough, depending on her mood. She was a neat dresser; her friends said they often wondered how she always came out of that tumble-down shack perfectly groomed. Now she was sullen, silent. Everyone hesitated to make a move to help her.

Behind her attitude was a story of hopeless poverty. She had been illegitimate herself. The family had lived in all kinds of hovels. Joan had started at a Catholic high school on a scholarship, but, despite good grades, had quit as a freshman. At the time, the family had been living in a chicken house, without flooring, that a farmer had cleaned out for them. Welfare authorities had obtained the present quarters for the family.

When Harry and Ethel made a direct, frontal approach, the girl's sullenness disappeared. She cried at their invitation to come and live with them. They promised to treat her as they did their own children. She accepted their offer, and moved into a nicely furnished room at their house.

But Mrs. Foster then came up with a surprise. "It would be better if you could arrange for the other children to be put into an orphan-

age," she suggested to us abruptly.

She explained that she worked hard; at night she needed time to relax. She didn't come home right away, and the children didn't eat until she arrived, sometimes at 9 P.M., sometimes later.

We had reluctantly considered that idea ourselves. But coming from her, it sounded worse.

Officially, the welfare authorities told the mother, "No, they are your children. You work and give them a mother's love. We'll help you." Unofficially, they told us, "We think the mother's salvation depends on her rearing those children. If we let her put them into a home, freeing her of responsibility, she would be a derelict in a few months."

The CFM members tried to help the mother by taking pairs of the children into their homes on week ends. They loved to visit. They all made frequent trips to the sink to get a drink of water; they had outside water and toilet at their house. Every time they came, one of them would say, "I believe I'll take a bath." We tried to teach them the difference between roughhouse play and indoor games. They were assigned housecleaning tasks and urged to perform daily chores at home.

Joan liked Harry and Ethel. She announced that she was going to have her baby in a Catholic orphanage and leave the child for placement. She did. Afterward, she

got a job downtown, found an apartment, and said she was going to be independent.

At Thanksgiving, our group came up with a turkey and a radio as presents for the family. Harry and I took them around to the house.

We found a mess. Clothes were piled everywhere. The new walls had holes now. Two windows had been broken. The ventilator shaft between the bedrooms lacked its crossbars; footprints there indicated traffic again. It was after 9 P.M., but the mother wasn't home.

We returned to Harry's house to find Ethel in tears. Joan had dropped in for a visit and had given her a rough time. She had resented "all the butting in," had blamed Ethel for influencing her to give up her baby. She was going to try to get it back. She was going with her old boy friend again.

The next CFM meeting was my

last. My family was moving to another part of the country. If the meeting had not been slated for my house, I wouldn't have gone. I felt crushed. The people I hardly knew two months ago were now dear friends. I didn't want to see their disappointment.

I got a surprise. Nobody was disappointed; they were all cheerful. Harry and Ethel didn't mention Joan's visit. Everyone discussed the Gospel without any shyness now. In a corner, Father Irish sat smiling confidently. The couples agreed to keep working with the family, helping out when they could, and inviting the children into their homes. Other actions were discussed, but none agreed upon. There was a pause.

"Anybody for feeding the naked?" Harry asked happily.

All laughed. They were very clean of heart. I was glad I had known them.



WRONG NAME, PLEASE

Through a mistake, the phone number of a young priest was omitted from the directory. After hearing from several persons that it was impossible to get his number through information, he picked up his phone and called the supervisor, giving his name and stating his complaint.

After a short pause, the supervisor informed him, in an official tone, that he had no telephone.

"But I'm calling you on it now," he insisted.

"Please spell your name for me," requested the brisk voice on the other end of the line.

"O-s-h-a-y."

"Sorry, sir," was the reply. "You're not spelling it right."

E. Crenshaw.



WITH GREAT anticipation, our 11-year-old daughter boarded the train with her 74-year-old grandmother for a week-end visit with her aunt and non-Catholic uncle in an adjoining state.

A long-distance call came Saturday from a very outraged daughter. Sobbing and a little incoherent, she was demanding that her daddy come for her, or she would come home immediately. Her uncle would have to work Sunday, and there was no way for her to get to Mass. She came home that same night with her grandmother, and they both got to Mass Sunday morning.

The uncle was, by turns, shocked, dumbfounded, curious, and impressed, so greatly, in fact, that he has begun taking instructions to become a Catholic.

Mrs. M. Lindsey.

SUZANNE, married to Bud, a non-Catholic, was overjoyed when he finally consented to attend Sunday Mass with her. But a series of incidents occurred at that particular Mass which took her through embarrassment to dismay.

First, there were the disturbing late-comers. Then, the soft-spoken priest

she had expected in the pulpit did not appear; another came, and talked chiefly about money. Suzanne squirmed. But she turned pale when the priest interrupted his talk, pointed to the choir loft, and announced, "There's too much noise up there. Everyone who isn't in the choir come down here and sit where he belongs!"

What would Bud think now about her discussions on the richness of the Church's teachings and liturgy? She stole a glance at Bud. Her heart sank when she saw him craning his neck to watch the culprits march down the aisle to empty pews in front.

Imagine her surprise when on the way home Bud exclaimed, "Boy, I can sure see why you're so set on your Church. Any religion that can produce red-blooded priests to tell people off and make them do the right thing has got what it takes. I'm coming back next Sunday." He did come back, often, and is now a baptized Catholic.

As told to Sister Mary Vianney, S.S.J.

A NON-CATHOLIC friend, who had attended a retreat, told me that I ought to do likewise.

"Why should I waste three days?"

"You owe it to your Catholic patients, just to learn how they think," he replied.

This made sense, so I attended a retreat at Serramound, in Malibu, near Los Angeles. I did learn "how Catholics think," but more important, I found what I had been searching for all my life: a religion to live by. I returned to the retreat house again and again, and finally asked for instructions. I was received into the Church on Christmas eve, 1945.

Dr. David Harold Fink.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]

BIGGEST JIGSAW puzzle makes a picture of Christ's world

Condensed from *Popular Science**

By GARDNER SOULE

Since 1947 the Dead Sea scrolls have been in the headlines. You will be reading about them, says Dr. Millar Burrows of Yale, for 50 to 100 years more. To scholars their value is ageless.

Dr. Burrows, a Biblical historian and a past director of the American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem, explains the significance of the most fascinating scientific detective story of our time: "For the first time, we have the complete library of one group of people who lived at the time of Christ."

We know these people were Jewish, but we are not yet sure exactly who they were. We do not know many things about them; for instance, where they got the wealth they apparently had. We do not know for sure that they had any direct contact with Christ. We do know they lived in the heart of the Holy Land. Qumran, where the scrolls were written and discovered,

is 15 miles from Jerusalem, 15 from Bethlehem, seven and one-half from Jericho, 15 from where John baptized Christ in the Jordan river. People living there might have known, taught or learned from Christ.

We do not even know how many Dead Sea scrolls will be found. At first, there were seven. One was a *Manual of Discipline*, i.e., customs of the Qumran people. One contained their Thanksgiving psalms, or hymns. One told of a forthcoming Jewish-Roman war, and advised Jews how to fight it. The other four were copies of, or commentaries on, books of the Old Testament.

Soon, there were nine scrolls. Then there were ten. Now there are parts of 400, some represented by scraps the size of a postage stamp. These, chewed up by rats or rotted by time, dirt, and weather, are being put together by scholars working in Israel and Jordan.

*353 4th Ave., New York City 10. December, 1956. © 1956 by Popular Science Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.



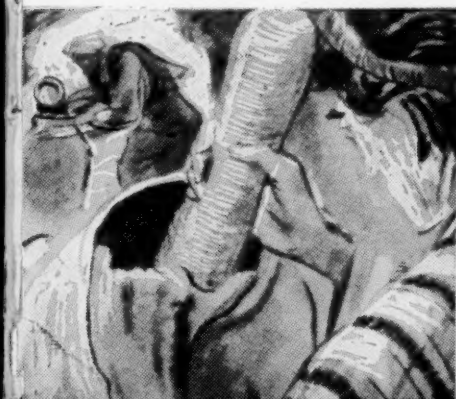
About 100 B.C. Perhaps 100 years before the star rose in the East, men at high stone tables dipped reed pens into ink of lampblack and gum, and copied the holy works of their sect. Writing in Hebrew and Aramaic on thin sheets of leather sewn into rolls, and on papyrus, they inscribed the Old Testament, works of prophecy, psalms, their laws.



B.C.-31 A.D. Upon the scrolls, the Qumranites recorded some of their beliefs. "We preach," they wrote, "poverty, penitence, humility, purification by water." Because of these things, some people think they were the Essenes, a Jewish group known to have lived on the western shore of the Dead Sea, who held such beliefs. But they may have been another Jewish sect.

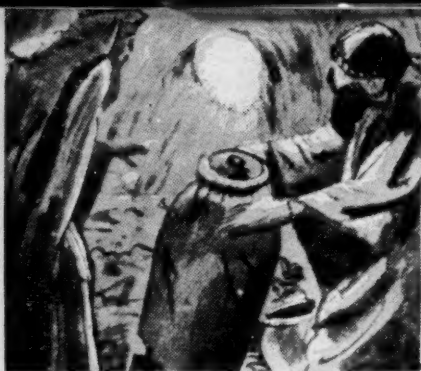
67-68 A.D. There came to pass the war between the Jews and Romans foretold by one scroll. The men at Qumran, scientists believe, got word that the Romans were marching toward them. They gathered up the scrolls, deposited them in jars in near-by caves (where possibly they had been accustomed to bury sacred documents), and may have hid alongside the scrolls.

68 A.D. They wrote down, not on leather but on scrolls of more permanent copper, the location of millions of dollars' worth of treasure they buried for safekeeping. A sample of the writing: "In the cistern, which is below the rampart, on the east side, in a place hollowed out of rock; 600 bars of silver." There were at least 60 such hoards of precious metals and incense.





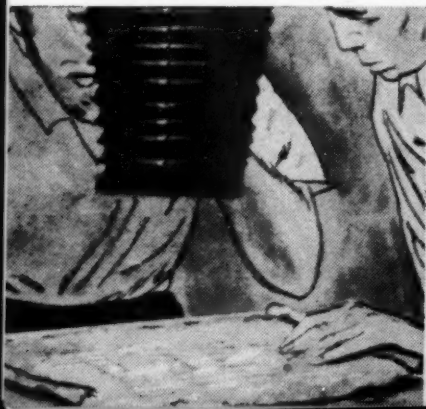
70 A.D. The Roman 10th legion, mopping up resistance around Jericho, captured and burned the Qumran community. The war was over. Jerusalem was destroyed. In Rome, the Arch of Titus, named after the victorious Roman general, went up to commemorate the victory. (New York City's Washington Square arch is patterned after the Arch of Titus.)



February, 1947. Not for almost 1,900 years did men find the records the Qumran people had deposited. Then it was accidental. Two Arab shepherds came across a cave they had never seen before, tossed in a rock, heard pottery smash. They entered. Inside were covered jars, containing seven linen-wrapped scrolls. Bits of other jars lay strewn around the cave. →

March, 1948. Trever and Brownlee hardly dared to believe the evidence of their eyes. They photographed one of the scrolls, a copy of the Book of Isaiah, sent pictures to famed Bible scholar Prof. William F. Albright of Johns Hopkins. He backed up the date they had attributed to the manuscript. He added, "The greatest manuscript discovery of modern times!"

1948-54. The four scrolls the Americans saw had been bought by the Syrian Orthodox metropolitan, Samuel, of St. Mark's monastery, Jerusalem. On his own, the metropolitan brought them to the U.S. to sell. But his price was high: \$1 million. For six years he found no customers. Then one day he decided to put an advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal*.





Summer, 1947. The scrolls found by the shepherds were brittle, decomposed, and in strange writing. They smelled bad. The shepherds, who were wandering Bedouins, knew not what they had. In the markets of Bethlehem, they passed around the scrolls, sought tips as to who might buy them. They offered the scrolls to a dealer in antiquities for \$56, but he refused.



Feb. 19, 1948. At length, four scrolls were shown to John C. Trever and William H. Brownlee of the American School for Oriental Research, Jerusalem. In a hotel room, they compared the scrolls with slide photographs of the then-oldest-known Hebrew manuscripts. Staring at the ancient script, they gasped. They were forced to conclude the scrolls were of Christ's time.

1954. In New York, the ad was seen by William Cohen, an agent of Hebrew university, Jerusalem. Friends of the university bought the four scrolls for \$250,000. Meanwhile, Prof. E. L. Sukenik of the university had bought the other three scrolls from a dealer in Bethlehem. Thus all seven manuscripts have been brought together again at Hebrew university today.

1948-Today. The great value of these finds did not remain secret. The Dead Sea grapevine was at work. Arabs, spurred by visions of sudden wealth, scoured the numerous caves along the sea. Hundreds of fragments were brought to dealers and scholars. Some were torn because the Arabs thought they could make more by selling a piece at a time.





1948-Today. Simultaneously, scientists and men of religion searched the area. One cave, reached by a slippery path down a cliff and designated No. 4 Qumran, turned out to be a man-made chamber hollowed out of the cliffside. A jackpot waited here: parts of no fewer than 70 scrolls. "A terrific collection," says Prof. Millar Burrows. "Maybe a 'publishing center.'"



1949-55. Half a mile from the first cave, archaeologists excavated a set of ruins, once a monastery for the Qumran sect. "Stone by stone," says G. Lankester Harding of the Jordanian Department of Antiquities, "they found the rooms in which those people lived." Here they had made their pottery, too: a jar just like those that were found in the first cave was unearthed. →

February, 1956. One of the first scrolls was so tightly stuck together that scholars despaired of unrolling it. At Hebrew university, Prof. James E. Bieberkraut softened it by exposing it for months to controlled humidity, slowly peeled it open. It was a part of Genesis, written in Aramaic, and the earliest document ever found in this ancient language that was spoken by our Lord.

1952-56. William L. Reed, professor of Old Testament at Texas Christian university, in 1952 took two days to dig his way into a cave that had been hidden by an earthquake. He found fragments of pottery, and something else: two copper scrolls, one of them actually two scrolls rolled together. They were so oxidized that it was to take four years to read them.





1949-55. This seemed to be the place, also, where they had written their scrolls. The ruins of Qumran held the stone writing desks, benches, inkpots, even dried ink used by the ancient scribes. Coins and pottery dated the ruins to the years just before, during, and just after Christ's time. Arrow-heads and ashes told a grim story of Roman conquest and burning.

1955-Today. In the area where Christ had lived, the Qumran ruins are the first building of His time ever dug up. The second, south of Qumran, is the palace of Herod the Great, puppet king of Judea. It is now being excavated. Here, on pottery, papyrus, and on stone chests, is writing like that of the scrolls, constituting further confirmation of their early date.

June, 1956. The copper scrolls were taken to Manchester university, England. They were coated with a transparent plastic to toughen them, and sawed through. This listed the treasure: 200 tons of gold and silver, buried in the region between Hebron and Nablus in Jordan. Where did the Qumran men, who preached poverty, get such wealth? No one knows.

Future. The treasure may never be found. The country has changed too much. But this is of small moment. The real treasure lies in the scrolls themselves, written by men who lived in Christ's time, men who may have known Him. These fragments, pieced together, provide a fresh insight into the spiritual currents that flowed among the people of Christ's day.



How Just Are Our Justices of the Peace?

The system encourages legalized highway robbery; abuses creep in when fines pay salaries

A HOUSEWIFE was arrested for a traffic offense in a small town in New Mexico. Her arraignment took place in a grocery store, before a justice of the peace attired in dungarees. "I can set trial for a week from Tuesday," he announced. "Post a \$100 bond and you can be on your way."

But the woman, who was accompanied by two terrified children of four and six, had nothing like \$100 with her. Heedless of her pleas, the JP packed her off, with the two children, to a near-by motel to remain "in custody" until the trial.

She was released only when her husband flew down from Illinois with the bond money. After the case made headlines across the nation, the justice complained, "How else can I protect myself and my fees?"

The case is but one sad example of the countless errors, inanities,



and downright injustices that result from our archaic justice-of-the-peace system, which has been aptly referred to as "horse-and-buggy justice." The system is still widely prevalent, the best estimate placing the number of JP's in the U. S. at 30,000.

The justice of the peace is the lowest-ranking judgeship. It is a part-time, elective office, the occupant of which need not be, and usually isn't, a lawyer. Often he has only the most cursory acquaintance with the law. These laymen judges, however, have considerable responsibility, for out in the country theirs is the court of first resort for all manner of petty civil and criminal cases.

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. February, 1957. © 1957 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

With some honorable exceptions, JP's generally hold court with slapdash informality, little concern for the rights of the accused, and an absorbing interest in relieving defendants of as much cash as the law allows. You have little chance of escaping a fine if you are haled before a JP, for most of them are paid only out of the proceeds. (One survey, a few years ago, showed that 98% of all traffic cases brought before JP's resulted in convictions.)

The average citizen will never see a justice of the peace unless he is booked for a traffic violation. But those sometimes barely literate "judges" also handle cases of assault, petty larceny, infringement of the game laws, disorderly conduct, fraud, and vagrancy, as well as a variety of minor civil actions like trespass, negligence, and collection cases.

With courtrooms rarely available for their deliberations, they dispense justice wherever they happen to find themselves. A man arrested by a game warden for unlicensed fishing was directed to drive up a dirt road to a ramshackle farmhouse. The warden disappeared inside and emerged with an aproned housewife who wiped dough from her fingers, leaned against a fender, and announced, "Court's in session." Ten minutes later the man departed, poorer by \$20, but happy that he had gotten off no worse.

The judicial setting can be even odder. One Georgia justice held

court in an open field from the seat of his tractor. Another conducted a trial while milking a cow! More frequently, of course, the courtroom is a living room, front porch, general store, or filling station.

Our justice-of-the-peace system was adapted from a British system we used in Colonial times. The county court was often a day or two away by coach then, and it was logical to have a justice in every hamlet to mete out small penalties and settle minor disputes.

The British system, however, had two advantages unfortunately not imitated here. The qualifications for a JP were reasonably vigorous and the justices themselves were supervised by government bodies.

In the U. S., by contrast, the various states have provided little supervision. Several years ago, when lawyer George Warren did a comprehensive survey of the problem, many states could not even produce lists of all their justices. Few required JP's to make reports or keep detailed accounts of the money they took in. In most states there were practically no educational nor character requirements for the office and in only nine did a justice have to be a resident. The laws were so laxly written, in fact, that in some instances it was not even stated that a JP had to be a U. S. citizen or be able to speak English!

Doubtless, all JP's can speak the language, though one North Carolina justice recently boasted, "I

ain't never been in a schoolhouse in my life, 'cept to an entertainment."

In many localities, the office is held in such low repute that the election, if in doubt, is not even contested. There have been instances of JP's elected by write-in votes, without their knowledge, merely as a prank. Jokesters have even elected farm animals bearing human names; and some years ago a wooden cigar-store Indian won the office in one town.

Most of our JP's are farmers, bookkeepers, carpenters, garage mechanics, barbers, druggists, undertakers, paperhangers or retired businessmen. (Only a few more than 5% who responded to a questionnaire a few years ago were lawyers.) Given this general lack of legal training, and the haphazard method of their selection, it is not surprising that they mete out odd types of justice. Some JP's regard an attorney's appearance as a personal affront to the dignity of their courts.

As disconcerting as the average justice's legal innocence is the fee system by which most are paid. (Only in a few states, among them Colorado, Nevada, and South Carolina, do JP's receive a salary.) Most legal authorities agree that payment-by-fee is a most dangerous abuse. Not only does the justice have a financial stake in a conviction, but so does the local government. For the fine generally goes

to the town or county, while the JP pockets the costs. It is not unusual for a defendant to be fined \$5 and assessed \$20 in costs. The fee system also holds in civil actions, whence comes the wry suggestion that JP really means "judgment for plaintiff." (Nobody collects anything when the defendant wins.)

One justice of the peace, over a 13-month period, "earned" \$4,553 from "violations" at a single traffic light. Another took in \$2,800 from a variety of motorists' offenses during one month "in season."

In North Carolina, for instance, a defendant's "costs" may include \$6 for the judge's fee, 35¢ for warrant and affidavit, 60¢ for bond, 15¢ for issuing subpoena, 25¢ for "preparing bill of costs," 25¢ for docketing indictment, \$1 for the final judgment, 25¢ for docketing the judgment, 50¢ for seal of office, \$2 for arrest fee, \$1 for "County Spec." (whatever that is), \$2 for "L.E.O.H. & R. Fund" (ditto), \$1 for "Peace Officer Assoc. Funds."

JP's often show a delicate restraint towards local citizens—and throw the book at "foreigners." One Florida justice regularly fined motorists from New York \$25 (he just didn't like them) no matter what the offense. A Pennsylvania JP frankly told a Californian, "If you've come this far, you can surely afford a fine."

Vigorous protests against Kentucky's speed traps, led by the Lou-

isville Automobile club, finally resulted in corrective action by the state legislature. It passed a bill reducing a constable's arrest fee from \$6 to 50¢, thereby removing a good part of his zest for his mission.

More important, one victimized motorist carried an appeal from a JP conviction right up to the state's court of appeals, which in a single decision undercut the whole basis of JP power. The court declared that the fee system was unconstitutional; and inasmuch as all JP's, except in one county, were paid on that basis, it removed all criminal cases from their jurisdiction. Hereafter, motorists would be tried only before salaried county judges.

For more than a decade, the American Bar association has been pressing a comprehensive program to reform our justice-of-the-peace courts.

The association would prefer to abolish them outright; however, the bar concedes that in many instances it may be easier to modify and improve the ancient system. The principal changes that have been proposed are these.

1. Unless the entire system can be improved, traffic cases should be removed from JP jurisdiction and put into the hands of state-wide courts with trained circuit judges.
2. The fee system should be abol-

ished. JP's should receive adequate salaries. 3. JP's should be provided with proper courtrooms. 4. The number of JP's should be reduced. 5. Minimum qualifications should be prescribed for the office. The courts should be regularly inspected and supervised. JP's should be obliged to keep adequate records. 6. The arresting officer should no longer be allowed to select whatever JP he wants, thereby discriminating against JP's so naïve as to find defendants innocent.

The states have been slow to remedy the situation, but there has been progress. The first big break came when Missouri abolished hundreds of JP courts and replaced them with county magistrates. New Jersey then undertook a thorough reform of its judicial structure, eliminating all its JP's (roughly 1,200) and replacing them with municipal magistrates. And there have been reforms elsewhere.

But in most states, unhappily, this classic encounter of JP and indignant defendant still symbolizes the situation: the defendant is hotly disputing an eccentric decision by a local JP.

"Young man," says the justice, "are you trying to show your contempt for this court?"

"Not at all," replies the defendant. "I am trying to conceal it."



About the time you struggle up even with the Joneses,
they decide to refinance!

Quote (10 Feb. '57).

'Joe College' Studies Marx

A Catholic university makes courses on communism a requirement for graduation

THE VOICE on the tape recorder is low, almost halting. "Why do men become communists? Because they have a vision, the vision of man without God . . ."

You look around the classroom at the somber faces of the students. There is no lurking laughter, no wandering of attention. On the desks in front of them lie communist textbooks and newspapers, the *Daily Worker* and the *People's World*.

"In communism I see the focus of the concentrated evil of our time. It speaks insistently to the human mind at the point where desperation lurks. It is the central experience of the 20th century and may be its final experience."

This scene is unique, without counterpart in any other college classroom this side of the Iron Curtain. The somber-faced students are members of the graduating class of the University of San Francisco. With deliberate intent, they are being exposed to every phase of communism, from the warped logic of Lenin to the revealing confession

(the tape recording) of Whittaker Chambers setting forth the reasons he became a disciple of communism and the reasons he later renounced it; from the writings of Marx, Engels, and Hegel to the latest shift in the party line as it appears in the local Red press.

"Political Science 140: *The Philosophy, Dynamics and Tactics of World Communism*" is not an elective course. Every student must take it to qualify for a degree—a requirement no other college or university, public or private, religious or secular, has ever made its students fulfill.

Every USF undergraduate must take a minimum of two hours classroom work a week for 17 weeks unraveling the twisted coils of Red intrigue. He is required to know the relationships between American communism and the Kremlin, Soviet techniques of infiltration and control, the organization of "front" groups, counter-Red activities, loyalty and security measures, the geopolitical implications of global communism.

Outside the classroom, he is en-

*Lackawanna 18, N.Y. February, 1957. © 1957, and reprinted with permission.

couraged to attend public Red rallies and "front" meetings in the San Francisco area, not to spy or act like an amateur detective, but to observe at first hand the effect of highly skilled, Marxist orators on a mass audience.

Five years ago, in 1951, when the course was first announced to the press, communist spokesmen on the West Coast promptly branded it as a "primer for spies," and accused the USF authorities of running a "school for stool pigeons." Public communist-inspired gatherings and demonstrations were carefully "policed" to spot any suspicious newcomers and draw them into arguments where Marxist dialectics could be used to befuddle and discredit them.

On two or three occasions when USF students were detected (usually by one of the sharp-eyed party faithful assigned to watch the campus and mentally record the comings and goings of the undergraduates) the results were so disastrous for the leftists that the maneuver was quickly abandoned. The students proved such adept debaters that rather than expose listeners to the danger of "bourgeois logic" the plan was dropped. Today, students come and go at Red meetings without incident. Even when they show up wearing sweaters with the green-and-white USF insignia, they are undisturbed.

Credit for planning "Political Science 140" goes to four men: Dr. Alphonse Fiore, chairman of the

Political Science department at USF; Associate Professors Robert MacKenzie and Anthony Bouscarren (now at Marquette university); and Father Raymond T. Feely, S.J.

Of the four, Father Feely contributed the most. For 17 years before the launching of the course in 1951, practically all his spare time after school and during summer vacations went towards learning everything there was to know about communist thought and action. He started studying in the spring of 1934, while American recognition of Soviet Russia was still a favorite topic of drawing-room discussion. The stimulus was a disturbing piece of information which leaked from behind the Iron Curtain.

The information was this: under cover of Kremlin promises to refrain from meddling in internal U. S. affairs, communist plans were under way for the first major attempt to penetrate the American labor movement.

The first point of infiltration, surprisingly enough, was not to be the heavily industrialized centers of New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago or Detroit. It was to be the Oakland-San Francisco Bay area, main artery of U. S. Pacific maritime trade. In a matter of weeks, the information reached the ears of certain circles close to the Vatican. These circles, after checking the source of the information to verify its reliability, sent the message to American friends. Eventually, after still more

checking, the word reached the West Coast.

One of those who received it was Father Feely, who had been assigned to teach philosophy at the University of San Francisco. He wanted to do something about the situation, but his Roman collar and the secrecy surrounding his source of information prevented him. Frustrated, he did the only thing possible in the circumstances: he began to study every aspect of communism, its dialectics, strategy, goals.

With his superiors' permission, he subscribed to the *Western Worker*, Red mouthpiece on the West Coast, and later to its successor, the *People's World*. Still with his superiors' sanction, he searched out every public Red meeting in the area and posted himself at the back of the hall (in his black clerical garb) to watch the reactions of the crowd.

"You can follow the party line by reading communist magazines and newspapers," he told a curious friend, "but you have to watch faces if you want to see what makes a communist or a fellow traveler tick."

In 1935, Father Feely began to "stump" the state, with flying trips to other parts of the country as time and invitations indicated. Before Kiwanis and Rotary clubs, at patriotic rallies, before business and labor conventions, he talked himself hoarse trying to alert his listeners to the Red menace.

In the summer of 1938, he went to Spain, then on to Italy and Germany to see for himself the workings of the two other isms, fascism and nazism. He even tried to get into Russia, but was refused a visa by the Kremlin. With Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin all concentrating the bulk of their efforts on their youth, Father Feely foresaw with prophetic clarity that if America was to be saved from totalitarian tyranny, it would be the young men and women of school age who would have to do it.

The outbreak of the 2nd World War temporarily upset Father Feely's plans. But he did not abandon them. In 1951, with gold stars appearing in the windows of American homes as mute testimony to Red treachery in Korea, USF students were informed that they would be required to take one new course over and above their other subjects. Within a month after "Political Science 140" was formally started, reaction both on and off the campus forced Father Feely to raise his sights to include adult sessions at night for the students' parents, relatives, and friends.

To guard against communist "plants" swarming into the classes and throwing the whole thing into chaos, attendance was by invitation only. Despite this precaution, some Reds did manage to filter in. Mocking laughter and windy rhetoric distracted the audience's attention.

Only one thing silenced them—

Father Feely's simple statement, buttressed by quotations from every Red spokesman from Marx and Lenin on down, pinpointing the unchanging Soviet goal of world conquest. Every shift and seeming reversal of Red policy was shown up for what it was—a cunning attempt to lull the free world into complacency and inaction.

"If every American could only realize the unshakable aim of communism, which is the subjugation of the entire earth," says Father Feely, "the Reds would be stopped in their tracks. The tragedy of our time is that too few people, especially our young people, on whom the whole future rests, see the danger. Their primary concern is getting an education, marrying, making a success of some business or profession, enjoying all the comforts of life. They do not realize that as long as communism endures, their lives can never be what they would like them to be."

Two recent developments indicate that the time might not be far distant when a compulsory course in communism will be part of the curriculum of every college and university in the free world. In the first development, USF was involved directly; in the second, indirectly, along with every other institution of higher learning.

The first development took the form of a gift of more than \$400,-

000 to the University of San Francisco to continue its fight to alert the youth of America to the Red menace. The donor, Max Ulrich, a non-Catholic banker, left the money "with no strings attached" because of the university's uncompromising anti-Red stand. No one at USF had ever approached Ulrich. In fact, no one even knew there was such a person until after the terms of his will were made public.

The second development was the proposal by a national conference of educators, clergymen, labor leaders, and government officials last Sept. 7, in Washington, D. C., to draw up immediately a "blueprint for the teaching of communism in American schools," to prepare students to fight the Red threat after graduation.

Dr. Charles W. Lowry, chairman and executive director of the Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civil Order, sponsored the proposal at the 52nd annual convention of the American Political Science association. There was read this message of endorsement from President Eisenhower: "The competition for men's minds begins when they are students. This is when they must be taught to discriminate between truth and falsehood. Specifically, this is when they must be taught to discriminate between the American form of government and the Soviet form."

By Gary Webster
*Condensed from the "Ave Maria"**

Pastor of the South Pole

*Father Condit saved
souls at 60° below*



MISSOURI-BORN Father John C. Condit is the first and only clergyman in the world ever to see the South Pole. From his base in Antarctica, he recently flew over the bleak southern hub end of the earth in a plane piloted by Maj. Gen. Chester E. McCarty, commander of the 18th Air Force.

The six-foot, four-inch naval chaplain administered the first Baptism on the Antarctic continent. With the aid of volunteers of all faiths, he erected the first chapel in the land of the southern midnight sun. All this because, in 1955, he went as spiritual guide with the hardy adventurers who are building bases for the biggest of all scientific inquiries into riddles of the Antarctic.

This program is a major phase of the International Geophysical year. Though its formal beginning is July 1, 1957, the icy required many months of intensive advance work. Half a hundred nations are cooperating in this most extensive

of all investigations of man's total physical environment: the planet itself.†

Until now, Antarctica has never had more than two or three scientific stations in operation at any one time. During the icy, some 50 posts are to be manned by specialists from Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, the Union of South Africa, the United Kingdom, the USSR, and the U.S. Far the most elaborate of these study programs is that of our own nation.

Knowledge of Antarctica is fragmentary, puzzling, and vital. Its colossal shelf of glacial ice holds stupendous quantities of water, temporarily out of circulation. Melting of even part of it could raise sea

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Sept., 1956, p. 48.

*2400 N. Eddy Road, Notre Dame, Ind. March 30, 1957. © 1957, and reprinted with permission.

levels sufficiently to disrupt world commerce.

Far more than the Far North, Antarctica is a "global refrigerator." From it flow immense seas of cold, heavy air. Many weather experts believe that disturbances at the South Pole may be linked with increase in number and intensity of hurricanes striking North America. Cosmic rays, the aurora, the earth's magnetic currents, and composition and behavior of our atmosphere will be studied. For the Antarctic provides a very special laboratory in which these phenomena may be persuaded to yield some of their secrets.

Difficulties of work in the region are so formidable that exploratory expeditions had to be launched two years in advance of the IGY's formal beginning. U.S. scientists decided to begin building stations during the fall and winter of 1955-56.

Naval Task Force 43 was assigned responsibility for conducting the initial expedition. Rear Adm. George Dufek, commander, had seen Father John Condit in action. So he accepted when the blue-eyed priest volunteered to serve as chaplain.

From the beginning, it was clear that loneliness and boredom would create morale problems that might grow into greater significance than physical dangers. "Not a man cracked under the strain," was the word that Father Condit proudly

sent back to the States recently.

"During the long winter nights, we all made wonderful friendships. We had to depend on each other, and each man was as important and vital as the next. When we get home in the spring, each member of the expedition will be a better man for having been here."

Members of Operation Deep-freeze I sailed from Davisville, R.I., in November, 1955. Their convoy of five ships and two icebreakers carried 1800 men. They passed through the Panama canal, crossed the equator, and paused briefly at New Zealand. Aboard the U.S.S. *Wyandot*, Father Condit conducted services for all personnel.

By Christmas eve, the big vessels were pushing through pack ice within the Antarctic circle. That night, 40 men sang for a candlelight service climaxed by midnight Mass.

Crew members unloaded at Ross island in McMurdo sound, and at once began work on permanent buildings. On Jan. 29 of last year, Father Condit celebrated Mass at Hut Point.

Men worked around the clock, for every hour of daylight was vital. Services were held in whatever shelter might be available and at all periods, morning, noon, and night. In spite of the physical grind, men not only came to worship; they also decided to build a chapel. Work was begun in February. Just as the polar night was dropping, on May

6, the little chapel was dedicated.

During the long weeks of unbroken blackness, the chaplain helped his men find strength from God. Every Sunday, a choir of 16 sang in the chapel. Ten of the 93 men who wintered over were baptized into the Church. First man to be baptized in Antarctica was Patrick D. McCormick, of Flint, Mich.

"Much of the time, outside temperatures ranged near -60° F," says Father Condit. "For weeks on end, our base was whipped by 70-mile blizzards. Loneliness, drudgery, and most of all the realization that all avenues of escape were closed weighed heavily on all our minds. There were a few bad days. But as a result, lasting friendships and a comradeship have developed that would have been impossible under any easier circumstances."

Rubber fittings of some electrical equipment became so brittle that they turned to powder and caused systems to fail. Conventional anti-freeze compounds froze solid. Lubricants congealed, and fouled engines. Frostbite was a constant danger to exposed portions of the face, even through a heavy beard. Father Condit escaped with just one injury; his chin and one finger froze, but healed with aftereffects no more serious than those of a slow burn.

"Our men have kept healthy," he says. "Antarctica is so intensely cold that few of the germs of civilization manage to survive. Colds

THE BLESSED CONTINENT

As chaplain on the 4th Byrd expedition, Operation High Jump, I was the first minister of Christ ever to enter the Antarctic circle; first one to land, first to offer Mass on the frozen continent that covers the South Pole. With this honor went the privilege of consecrating that continent to the care and love of God. In the Roman Ritual there were prayers for nearly every conceivable occasion, but no prayer for the blessing of a continent. So I drafted one, and read it on Jan. 26, 1947, in our mess-tent chapel on the Ross Ice Shelf, first at the general service for men of all faiths, and again during the Mass which followed immediately for the Catholic men.

From *Strong Men South* by William J. Menster, USNR (Bruce, 1949).

were unusual, except for those we developed after opening packages from home!"

In spite of physical isolation, the party keeps in touch with the States by radio. Short-wave contact with amateur Paul Blum, 8,500 miles away in Syracuse, N.Y., led to one of the strangest newspaper interviews on record. Richard F. Long, of the Syracuse *Herald-American*, interviewed Father Condit about erection of the chapel in the snow.

From the priest's verbal description, a staff artist sketched the Quonset-type house of worship. Hence, newspaper readers in Syracuse saw it depicted on Sunday, July 15, 1956, long before photographs reached this country.

Three weeks later, when the first rays of the sun began to show above the horizon, a steeple was added. "We even included a bell tower," Father Condit says with a smile. A fuel ship frozen in McMurdo sound provided a bell. Then a white picket fence was erected by worshipers to give a note of solemn dignity to the chapel. Inside, it boasts a raised sanctuary, wooden inlaid altar with canopy, murals on the wall, and a painting of Our Lady of the Snows.

What makes men work overtime in terrible cold and driving wind to build a chapel?

"Some had a strong faith and a determined sense of devotion," says Father Condit. "Others had no faith. Many were just looking for it. But all wanted a part in the work.

"Our men are more religious because of their stay at the South Pole. They have more faith in themselves and in each other; they appreciate the simple things of life much more than at any time in the

past. God has blessed us in our adventure for his sake and for the sake of humanity."

After two Antarctic summers and one long, dark winter, Father Condit was due to return to civilization sometime in April. During the 15 dangerous months at the bottom of the world, every man in his outfit has come to respect his faith and courage.

Some of his letters home are signed gaily, "The Merry Old Soul from the South Pole." Yet the frosty, frozen priest has had no respite from responsibility. His dedication and leadership are major factors in the maintenance of high morale among men who had enough strain to break them.

Father Condit has had many honors. He has been the subject of newspaper stories in many parts of the world. He was featured in NBC's nation-wide telecast, *The Race Against the Night*. Stalwart and handsome at 37, he has a record of Antarctic "firsts" not likely to be matched.

Yet he wears his distinctions lightly, waves aside all talk of special recognition. "What would I most like?" he pondered last November. "Right now, I would give \$100 for a head of lettuce and a baked potato!"



The most respected automobile manufactured in America today is still the police car. Paul McElaney in *Look* (19 March '57).

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your questions answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: I am an Anglican, but with an increasingly strong interest in the Roman Catholic faith. There are, however, certain phases of that faith to which I cannot become reconciled (probably through ignorance), such as the matter of indulgences.

I have seen Catholic prayers with the notation that if they are said at certain times and under certain conditions, this will entitle the person praying to "100 days indulgence"—which I presume means "100 days less to spend in purgatory." I have also heard and read that these indulgences can be purchased or can be obtained by performing a specific penance.

There is, as far as I can discover, no basis in Holy Scripture for this practice. How can anyone be sure that God will allow "time off for

good behavior" merely because a certain prayer is said or a certain act is done? Who composes these various prayers? Why should one prayer be more efficacious than another?

Even if one could be sure that God would, under certain conditions, reduce one's time in purgatory, who can decide by exactly how many days? Where and when did the idea of indulgences first originate? Isn't this practice a little like bargaining with the Lord: "If I recite this prayer or do this act, You will see that I suffer a little less than is my due in purgatory"—or would it come under the "Act of Faith" category?

I have found THE CATHOLIC DIGEST very helpful in many ways. I hope you can help me again.

Mildred O. Dunn.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

No single doctrine or practice of the Church has caused more fuss and furor during the last four centuries than indulgences. When we consider the word itself we wonder why. The original Latin word meant a kindness or favor. As used in reference to God it indicated his love and mercy. Why then should it have become a cause of strife?

In its technical, doctrinal sense an indulgence involves many other doctrines; it is complex and not easy to explain. Consequently there are many distorted ideas prevalent about it, and enemies of the Church have valiantly demolished dozens of straw men under its gentle name.

Then, too, the practice of indulgences has had, at times, an unfortunate history, marked by scandalous abuses. Infuriated by those abuses, the Protestant reformers of the 16th century threw out the whole doctrine to get rid of the errors. Deep feelings were induced by the controversies of that agitated century, and to this day it is seldom possible for Protestants and Catholics to discuss the subject of indulgences without raising their voices, or even to think seriously of the question without tightening their vocal cords.

However, Mildred, your question is presented in an objective, dispassionate manner, even though it does reflect various prevailing errors. I shall try to answer it with similar spirit and seek to eliminate the errors.

To clear the decks, we should first explain what an indulgence is not.

It is not permission to commit a sin. God Almighty couldn't give you such permission.

It is not pardon of future sins. No power in heaven or on earth could pardon those until they have

become things of the past deeply and honestly repented.

It is not forgiveness of sin itself; it supposes that the guilt of sin has already been forgiven through God's mercy combined with the sinner's repentance.

It is not an exemption from any law or duty; and, particularly, it does not exempt from the obligation of restitution or repair of damages.

It does not give security from temptation. Neither is it a guarantee of salvation.

It is not an automatic release from purgatory. It does not even imply that the Church has any control over purgatory, or any knowledge of which souls may be there.

It cannot be purchased. Any direct effort to sell or buy it would be a grave sin of simony; and under present discipline the indulgence would disappear once any money changed hands regarding it.

Now, Mildred, having cleared away some of the debris, let us look at the positive side. Because the idea is complicated, I will break the definition into parts, and then take up each part, trying to weave the connected doctrines into a complete explanation.

- 1) It is a forgiveness, or remission,
- 2) of the temporal punishment
- 3) due to God's justice
- 4) for sin already forgiven
- 5) granted by the Church

- 6) through the power of the keys
- 7) by application of the superabundant merits of Christ and his saints
- 8) for a just and reasonable cause.

1. The idea of forgiveness is not difficult. We might note here, though, that an indulgence has no immediate connection with any of the sacraments. Baptism takes away all temporal punishment at the same time that it removes the guilt of sin. The sacrament of Penance takes away the eternal punishment of hell and much of the temporal punishment, too, especially through the penance which is given in confession. But there is probably a measure of temporal punishment remaining after confession and penance are finished. It is with this that indulgences are concerned.

Indulgences should not be confused with private penances, which are very valuable in removing temporal punishment: prayer, fasting, almsgiving, and sufferings willingly borne. These are effective from personal merit. An indulgence is effective through the merits of Jesus Christ and the saints.

2. The idea of temporal punishment needs explanation. God's justice requires that the sinner be punished. The threat of punishment is salutary; it helps keep us from sin when love fails. But the threat would be idle if it were not enforced. For grave sin unrepented the punishment is hell, eternal

punishment. For lesser sin the punishment is temporary, either here on earth, or in purgatory.

Even when the guilt of sin is forgiven, punishment is not necessarily taken away completely. When mortal sin is forgiven the eternal punishment of hell is taken away, of course. It would be a cynical and meaningless Mercy which would say to the repentant sinner: "I forgive you; I restore you to my love and friendship; you are now my adopted son; but I am going to send you to hell anyway; you deserve it for the evil that you have done."

On the other hand, it is a just and reasonable Mercy which says to the prodigal son: "I am very happy that you have come back to Me; I know that your sorrow is sincere; and I forgive you completely. But look at the harm you have done by your sins: you have thrown my order of goodness out of gear, caused harm and suffering to my people, given bad example to my friends and aid to my enemies.

"That harm is not automatically undone when I forgive you. Don't you think you should do some penance to make up for it? Do some good works to balance the bad? Undergo some sufferings to compensate for your sinful pleasures? Don't you honestly believe that some prayers and penances would do you good, keep you from future sins? And wouldn't the sight of your punishment be a warning to

others, especially to those you have scandalized?"

It is, therefore, a teaching of the Church that temporal punishments often remain after the guilt of sin has been forgiven. Much of this debt can be repaid here on earth by penances, prayers, sacrifices, sufferings, the Mass and sacraments, and by generous works of love and goodness. Indulgences may well remove the rest. Otherwise, they carry over into purgatory.

I have oversimplified, of course, and it may sound to you as if we leave our divine Redeemer and his propitiatory sacrifice out of the picture. On the contrary, the doctrine of indulgences reminds us that Jesus Christ, by the infinite value of his sacrifice, made up entirely for our sins and earned complete forgiveness not only of the sins themselves, but also of the punishment due for them. Our voluntary penances have propitiatory value because they are performed in union with the sacrifice of Christ, and value is attributed to them through that union. An indulgence applies the satisfying merits of Christ's sacrifice to our souls.

3. I think we have explained why God's justice requires temporal punishment. We might just point out here that an indulgence does not do violence to that justice. It doesn't set aside the claim or let the sinner off without paying his debt. It rather gives him the spiritual means of paying for it in full.

4. Sin must be forgiven before there can be any question of gaining an indulgence. The sinner cannot be released from the punishment due him while he remains unrepentant and unreconciled. Historians have found some honest confusion on this point from a faulty interpretation of certain documents in the Church's archives. However, various Popes and councils have repeatedly made it clear that indulgences have nothing to do with the guilt of sin, but only with the temporal punishment which remains as a debt after the guilt has been forgiven.

5 and 6. The Church's power to grant indulgences follows logically from the power given her to forgive sin. Our divine Saviour gave this power when He said to the Apostles, "Receive the Holy Spirit; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:23). This power is ordinarily exercised through the sacrament of Penance, and through it the guilt of all sin may be forgiven, and the eternal punishment of hell taken away.

But it does not remove all the temporal punishment. So the power of forgiving sins would be incomplete if it did not include the taking away of this temporal punishment. And wouldn't it seem strange that the power of forgiving the big things, taking away the guilt of sin and the punishment of hell, were

"The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven" was an expression first used by our Lord. The keys, one silver and one gold, are now emblazoned on the papal flag. The poet Dante catches their symbolism best. In the first part of the *Divine Comedy*, he and Virgil come to the gate of Purgatory. To open it, the angel custodian has to use first the silver key and then the gold. He holds the keys, with instructions on their use, from Peter, he tells them. Commentators have usually seen the angel as a type of the ideal priest confessor. He uses the silver key, which stands for the confession, contrition, and satisfaction of the penitent. But he needs also the golden key, which represents the authority of the Church to remit sin—only then is the Kingdom open.

Dante gives an example of what happens when only the golden key is used, as in the case of Guido de Montefeltro, who was "absolved in advance." Dante finds him in the eighth circle of hell.

given; but the power of forgiving the minor remnants were denied?

Actually, this power was given very clearly and without restriction. First it was given to St. Peter. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the

keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (Matt. 16: 18-20). Then later Jesus gave similar power to all the Apostles. "Amen I say to you, whatever you bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven" (Matt. 18: 18).

This grant of power is unquestionable, and no limits are placed on it. The Church uses it with simple trust in her divine Founder: that when she grants an indulgence loosing the repentant soul from punishment on earth, Jesus keeps his word and looses that soul also in heaven.

It might be well to note that the fact of granting an indulgence by the Church does not mean necessarily that it is gained by the soul. Effort is required, performance of the good works and prayers enjoined; and the soul must be rightly disposed, free of the guilt of sin, and inspired by good intentions. Evidently, the Church cannot control these inner dispositions of the soul.

7. The Church's vision is broad. At one and the same moment she sees God's justice demanding reparation for sin and God's mercy ready to wipe out the debt. She is always aware of the overflowing abundance of Christ's redemptive merits, which are constantly avail-

able to sinners; and she is sharply conscious of her own mission of bringing these merits to individual souls. Inspired by God's own mercy she has tended to "loose" often and liberally, knowing that her spiritual treasury is overflowing and that souls have great need.

St. Paul wrote some startling words in his Epistle to the Colossians (1: 24). "I rejoice now in the sufferings I bear for your sake; and what is lacking of the sufferings of Christ I fill up in my flesh for his body, which is the Church." By his zealous works, fervent prayers, and generous sufferings, St. Paul made up for far more sins than he ever committed.

The remainder he turned over to the Church to add to the accumulation in her spiritual treasury. The other great saints of the centuries, and especially the martyrs, did likewise. And the Mother of Jesus never had any sin of her own to make up for; yet she exemplified all the virtues. Her satisfactions were all surplus; they go in with the rest. It is the Church's mission on earth to be the custodian, administrator, and dispenser of this spiritual wealth. She guards it carefully and gives it lavishly.

I am sure, Mildred, that you have no difficulty in understanding how the merits of Jesus Christ can be applied to your soul and mine to take away our sins and punishments. But a couple of points should be explained if we are to

understand how the satisfactions offered for sin by one human person can directly benefit another.

First, we should distinguish two spiritual results of our prayers, good works, penances, and sufferings: one is the merit which God attributes to us because of them, because they are done for love of Him; and the other is the propitiation, or satisfaction, which they offer to the divine Justice to make up for the harm of sin.

Merit is for ourselves alone; we cannot share it directly. But the propitiatory effects can benefit someone else. This is because we are united to our fellow men spiritually in the Mystical Body of Christ, and to the souls in purgatory and the saints in heaven by the Communion of Saints.

I cannot hope to explain these two doctrines completely in the space I have here available. Yet they are essential to the understanding of indulgences. St. Paul proclaims the idea of the Mystical Body clearly in Rom. 12: 5. "So we, the many, are one body in Christ, but severally members one of another." Jesus had proclaimed a similar notion in his parable of the vine and the branches (John 15, 1-11). We share his life and merits because we are the branches united with Him, the vine. And we share with each other because, in the words of St. Paul, we are all living parts of the same body; and the head of that body is Christ,

who gives life to all the members and meaning to their works.

8. The Church can grant an indulgence only for a good and just cause. She is not the absolute owner of her treasury, only the administrator. She must distribute her spiritual favors in accordance with the wishes of Him who does own them, keeping in mind both his mercy and his justice. Usually her good and just cause is the right disposition of the penitent combined with his prayers and good works. She uses indulgences to encourage repentance, self-denial, reception of the sacraments, good deeds, and various acts of devotion. For her more important indulgences she usually requires a sincere Confession and Holy Communion. For the lesser ones there must be a contrite heart, and then the good works or prayers for which the indulgence is granted.

My doctrinal explanation has been so long, Mildred, that I have left myself no space in which to trace the history of indulgences in the Church. That history is both ancient and interesting; it is also both edifying and scandalous. It begins with St. Paul (II Cor. 2: 5-10), who uses his authority to grant leniency and reconciliation to a sinner. It continues through the days of the persecutions and public penances, when the martyrs granted "letters of peace" asking that friends of theirs be restored to good standing in the Church; and shows itself through following centuries in

the spirit of mercy, leniency, and mitigation which attended the penitential system of the Church.

Probably the Crusades gave the greatest impetus to indulgences, which were granted very generously as a spiritual encouragement to volunteers. Abuses were numerous in following centuries, culminating in the great clash of the 16th century; and then the Council of Trent made corrections which practically eliminated all abuses of indulgences from that time on.

There is nothing so beautiful or sacred that man in his perversity cannot find a way to abuse it. St. Paul had to be very severe in correcting misuse of the Holy Eucharist (I Cor. 11, 17-34). Even the holy martyrs while giving their lives in heroic sacrifice were guilty of abuse in giving their "letters of peace"; St. Cyprian had to caution them (Ep. XV).

In the Middle Ages money was the root of most of the evils in regard to indulgences. Almsgiving is a generous and meritorious work; it seemed quite right that spiritual favors should be granted to those who helped the poor, endowed hospitals, and built churches. But it was easy for the alms to seem a price for the indulgence; and the granting of indulgences seemed enticingly easy as a way of raising money—for good causes.

Even if a Pope or bishop were free of all guilt in granting the indulgence, there was opportunity for

corruption among the agents who preached the indulgence and collected the alms. Chaucer's Pardoner is a prime example, with his bogus relics and false indulgences.

However serious and widespread were the abuses at one time or another, indulgences were still used piously and properly by honest Christians. The Church knew that indulgences were good and right and profitable to salvation; so at the time of the Reformation she determined to correct the abuses and keep the indulgences.

Oh, say, Mildred, I almost forgot that "100 days less to spend in purgatory." An indulgence of 100 days doesn't mean anything like that at all. I don't know how they tell time in purgatory, which is more than halfway to eternity, but I am sure they don't have days or nights there.

Besides, the Church has no authority over the souls in purgatory; it is her mission to look after the souls on earth.

The early Christians used to do public penances. Our modern "indulgence of 100 days" replaces 100 days of that kind of public penance, and takes away the temporal punishment which 100 days of that kind of penance would have expiated. Time in purgatory cannot be measured in earthly terms.

When it comes to the souls in purgatory, the Church can only pray for them. In her prayer she offers to God from her spiritual treasury the propitiatory merits of Christ and the saints, and begs Him to apply them to the souls who suffer. She has confidence that He will hear her and extend mercy as far as his justice will permit.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

In Minneapolis, Minn., there is a downtown newsstand run by a blind man. Knowing that most people are honest, he has always taken a customer's word for the denomination of bills handed him.

One day a man stepped up to the stand, picked out a magazine, and handed him a bill, saying, "Can you change this five?" The blind man promptly gave him \$4.75 change. When the next customer appeared, the news agent showed him the bill. It was only \$1.

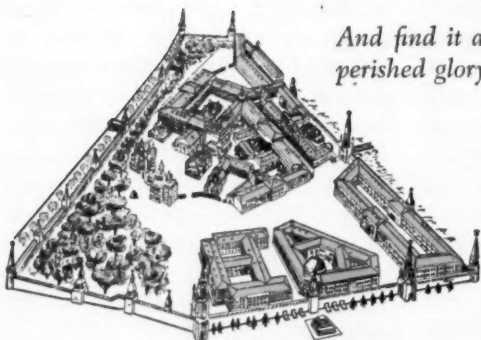
The Minneapolis *Tribune* published the incident next morning. By noon, so many people had made purchases at the stand (and so many had refused change) that the news agent had not only regained all the money he had lost, but had made a handsome extra profit besides, thanks to those people who were determined to restore a blind man's faith in the essential decency of human beings.

Mrs. Barbara Smith.

[For original accounts, 100 to 200 words long, of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

I Visit the Kremlin

*And find it an ornate symbol of
perished glory and tyrannical power*



THE KREMLIN was different from what I expected. The white-and-pink palaces of the czars, the golden cupolas of the cathedrals, the 19 Venetian towers, the sculptured ceilings, the painted archways seemed festive and romantic.

Yet history was written here in blood. Here, four centuries ago, Ivan the Terrible threw his rival Andrei to his hounds, which tore him apart. Within these gates, Ivan killed his own son with his own hands. And here in our times was written down in terrible simplicity a farm law that condemned millions of peasants to death by famine.

Here, one misunderstood gesture (let us hope that at least!) by Stalin caused 4,000 Polish officers to be murdered in Katyn forest. Communist blood flowed here in unguessed quantities. We have Khrush-

chev's word: "Of the 139 members of the Central committee of the party at the 17th congress, 98 were shot." The delicate towers which command the two miles of zigzagging walls once bristled with machine guns to protect Stalin from his own people. Here, too, are the barracks of the secret police, whose sinister power terrified the people.

This park of palaces and churches, prisons and barracks is a curious mixture of perished glory and contemporary power. The communists have used the Kremlin to graft the revolution onto centuries of czarist empire. They have made it again a place of pilgrimage held in awe by all Russians.

The ornate halls where the czars used to dwell now are museums. Thrones, coronation garments, church jewels, the presents of foreign ambassadors, fabulous armor, costly sleighs and coaches—all are displayed here. In elegance and luxury these rooms can be compared with the loveliest collections elsewhere in the world. Six centuries of tyranny left a legacy of

precious beauty which nobody can admire without emotion.

The foundations for this fortified island were laid in the 12th century when a prince built a wooden stockade on one of the seven hills along the Moskva. Two centuries later Ivan Kaita (the Money Bag) built a modern citadel there. Every century added a new building until in the 17th century the Kremlin stood in tiers of ecclesiastical and secular buildings. This fortress, in those days impregnable, became a national symbol.

The Kremlin had been open to the general public for only a few months when I visited it last year. It takes a little trouble to get an admission ticket, but every day 3,000 visitors gape at the Byzantine extravagance of the former emperors. Full of amazement, they look up to the belfries full of bronze, and at the guns that conquered Napoleon, and shuffle through the living rooms where Lenin worked, where Stalin plotted (nobody mentions that doomed name here!), and the small conference rooms where the Politburo used to meet.

The guides, mostly women, burn with pride over Czar Ivan and Czar Alexander and Czar Peter and Czarina Catherine. It seemed as though all the czars were being honored except the last one. The last Nicholas has to carry all the misery of the prerevolutionary era on his shoulders.

Byzantine mosaics, golden cupo-

las, bronze and gold icons, and Persian frescoes decorate the Kremlin's four white cathedrals. Inside the church walls the silence is solemn. The regime has made museums of them with so much church atmosphere that I would not have been astonished if a white-bearded metropolitan had come around to light the painted Easter candles; or if the hundreds of sanctuary lamps had begun once again to glow red. Before the doors of the iconostases, which guard the altars, I saw peasants meditating as though they were in real churches.

These glorious churches combine in one space all the glow of Sancta Sophia in Constantinople, the warmth of the churches of Ravenna, and the gaudiness of the German baroque churches. Their golden pinnacles betray the graceful signature of the Venetian architect who built them: Aristotle Fioraventi the Elder.

In the Cathedral of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin the czars were crowned and the bishops buried. To describe the icons of the Annunciation church, on the highest spot of the Kremlin, you would need the complete pallet of the icons themselves, the dark red, brown, brass, gold, dark green and all the warm nuances of autumn leaves. The weathered frescoes reminded me of Pompeii, the relics and bronze tombs create an atmosphere of the catacombs.

Opposite, in the cathedral of the

Archangel Michael, hangs icon after icon, set in sculptured golden frames, yards wide and 20 inches deep. The massive pillars, adorned with glazed frescoes, bow over the bronze tombs of bishops and czars who lie in state in solemn rows. High above hang dozens of candelabra, tall as houses, of brass and iron; before the fat candles red copper lamps hang. Canvases glow in a color scale running from violet to yellow and gold. The Kremlin's cathedrals are the most glorious museums I have ever seen, a hymn of praise to heaven.

From the metropolitan to the sovereign, from church to palace, from museum to power, from the tombs of the czars to the parties of the communist leaders, it is only a few steps across a Kremlin square or up a marble staircase.

An engraved gilt-edged invitation took me to the beautiful St. George hall, where I attended one of the famous Soviet receptions. This one was in honor of the East

German government. I heard Party Secretary Khrushchev make one of his notorious attacks on the Western way of life and listened to the applause of his mighty comrades: the elegant Bulganin, the inscrutable Malenkov, engaging Shepilov, dour Molotov, USSR President Voroshilov, and Marshal Zhukov. These unobtrusive figures are so much at home in the halls of the Kremlin that they can afford to leave them. There seems to be a tendency among these new Russian rulers to scatter their administrative offices all over Moscow. Nobody knows why exactly, but perhaps it is because of chilling memories. In the old pink, white, and yellow palace in the Kremlin, they would have to sit in the chairs of their executed predecessors.

The gilded cupolas, the Venetian frills, the reminders of an intense religious faith could not overcome my memories of the Kremlin's modern history. This glorious museum remains a fortress and dungeon.

GOLDEN MEAN

"There's no reason to worry just because your son is making mud pies," a psychiatrist reassured an anxious mother. "It's a normal development."

"But doctor," protested the woman, "he not only makes mud pies—he *eats* them! I've tried to reason with him, but he just goes right ahead."

"We-el," continued the psychiatrist somewhat doubtfully, "I still think you're too much concerned. It's quite normal even if he sometimes tries to eat them."

"Well, I don't think it's normal," snapped the exasperated mother, "and neither does his wife."

American Weekly (3 March '57).

Love Is Their Wonder Drug

TLC volunteers give unfortunate children tender, loving care

LAST SUMMER, 18-month-old Tommy was brought to the New York Foundling hospital by the police after his father had died and his mother had suffered a breakdown. Tommy neither walked nor talked. Most of the time he would lie crying, rocking back and forth in his crib; or, glaring defiantly, he would suck his thumb.

When a lady in blue from the hospital's volunteer TLC (Tender Loving Care) squad put a cookie in his hand, it dropped from his limp fingers. He deliberately turned his back on other children. Even balls and blocks so dear to most toddlers' hearts didn't interest him.

The diagnosis of the examining pediatrician was: "extremely retarded; certainly undernourished." As usual with a child whose condition is unsatisfactory, Tommy was scheduled for a thorough psychological and physical checkup in the hospital's developmental clinic.

Meanwhile, the TLC squad gave



him large doses of an old-fashioned remedy, love. One of the squad, instead of feeding him in a high chair, held him in her lap at feeding time. Within a few days his appetite increased. Every lady in blue who passed by his crib hugged him and said, "How's my Tommy boy?"

The sympathetic proxy mothers spent hours telling him stories. Holding his hands firmly, they encouraged him to walk, and after a week Tommy would smile whenever a volunteer came near. The 10th day he willingly raised a lollipop to his lips, and sucked happily. With the arm of a TLC aide around him, he began to take stiff, faltering

*25 W. 45th St., New York City 36. January, 1957. © 1957 by the Family Circle, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

steps. Two weeks after his arrival, when tested by the orthopedist in the developmental clinic, Tommy was found to have normal reflexes and to be mentally sound.

Under the loving care and approval of the entire hospital staff, he began to walk and talk. Six months later, when his mother was able to take him home, Tommy had gained nine pounds. A husky outgoing lad, he was acknowledged by adults to be outstanding for a child of his age.

The TLC squad that worked such wonders with Tommy is a group of warmhearted women who give tender, loving care to the 1,000 homeless children sheltered each year at the New York Foundling hospital. The women know that mother love is the priceless ingredient essential for normal development. Just as a plant needs sunshine, so a baby needs hugging, cuddling, and affection. When confined to an institution for any length of time, even the brightest baby may become "institutionally retarded." He may not walk or talk as readily as most children raised in normal homes by loving parents.

The TLC volunteers know that without plenty of love, many babies sicken and some even die. Recently, six babies of the same age and birth weight were studied. Three whose mothers had died in childbirth remained in hospitals and were given the best scientific care. The other three went home with their parents.

At the end of a year, the youngsters who had lived in the wholesome atmosphere of normal homes were five to eight pounds heavier, much more alert, and happier than those who had been in the hospital. Affection and friendly companionship, the doctors concluded, had made the difference.

What can be substituted for the warm, happy home of which a foundling is deprived? The sympathetic devotion of a proxy mother, says the New York Foundling hospital. The hospital is New York's official receiving center for abandoned or neglected babies under two whose parents are unable to care for them properly. Although a Catholic foundling home, it opens its arms to all unfortunate little ones.

The hospital can accommodate 275 children at a time. It rarely has an empty crib. Some foundlings' parentage is unknown; for example, newborn Johnnie, whom an apartment-house superintendent found wriggling in a paper bag in an unlit furnace. Many children are sent by welfare agencies. Such a case was six-month-old Susie, who needed to be cared for till her mother, hospitalized by tuberculosis, recovered.

Still other foundlings, like 18-month-old Joey (whose parents left him with a neighbor and forgot to reclaim him) come through the courts or police. Eventually some of the children go to foster homes

or are offered for adoption; others return to their parents.

Under the supervision of Sister Frances Loretta, 600 women from 18 to 50 years of age act as substitute mothers. Each pledges a minimum of three and a half hours weekly for cuddling, feeding, and playing with one or more of the almost 300 children being cared for. Many of these proxy parents spend half of every day at the hospital.

Most of the morning shift is made up of middle-aged mothers whose children have grown up and who enjoy the feeling of again being needed by youngsters. During the afternoon, college girls flock in to sing songs, play games, and walk their charges in near-by Central park. Business girls are eager to serve in the evening. One career woman says, "This is the most satisfying job I've ever had. Where else could I get such rich dividends from a few spare hours?"

Each applicant must supply excellent character references and undergo a physical examination before she is given instructions in child care and permitted to don the trim blue uniform and pert cap that distinguish the TLC worker. Each

volunteer begins her career as a proxy mother under the supervision of trained nurses. She always works in the same nursery, because a continuing relationship helps a child develop a feeling of belonging.

To help doctors and nurses in children's wards give youngsters the warm affection they need, TLC squads of volunteers are being formed throughout the country. Some of the best known TLC groups are at Rosalia hospital in Pittsburgh; the pediatric clinic of Northwestern university Medical school, Evanston; the National Children's Cardiac hospital, Miami; Children's hospital, San Francisco; and Charity hospital of Louisiana, New Orleans, where high-school girls devote three hours each day to feeding youngsters.

Father Daniel McGuire, co-administrator of the New York Foundling hospital, says, "We couldn't function without our TLC squad. Their help is more effective than the wonder drugs." And Mrs. Hilda Penn, director of the Volunteer bureau, San Francisco, adds, "Medical treatment can heal a child's illnesses, but the really indispensable medicine is tender, loving care."

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Not a man on the bus rose to give the bundle-laden woman a seat. However, one middle-aged male seemed to be a bit more thoughtful than the others. He nudged her furtively and whispered, "Be sure to be on your toes when we get to Sunken Heights Terrace, lady. That's where I get off."

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Feb. '57).

By William Healy
Condensed from "The Sign"

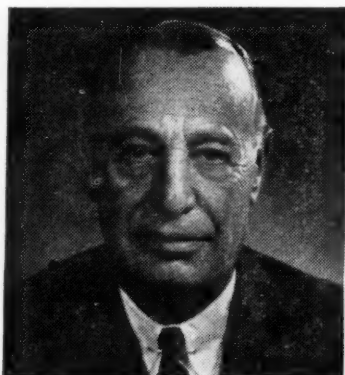
Howard Cullman at Work

*This is the man who was accused of building
a tunnel from the Vatican to New York City*

GOV. AL SMITH of New York posed for a photograph at the mammoth entrance to the Holland tunnel, which had just been opened to traffic. Beside him, that day in 1927, was Howard Stix Cullman, who, as chairman of the Port Authority, had had a great deal to do with development of the tunnel.

That picture was put to grotesque use during the presidential campaign of the following year. Readers of hate sheets in some parts of the country were told that the new tunnel was really a suboceanic link with the Vatican, and that it was being inspected by a man who might soon be making regular use of it as Chief Executive of the United States!

When Howard Cullman classifies his memories of his busy, useful, and remarkably complex career, he gives this experience top listing under the heading of Absurdities. He can laugh about it now, but the recollection still appalls him, too. He reveres the memory of Smith, who was the greatest single influence in Cullman's public life.



Some months ago, President Eisenhower began a search for someone to supervise U. S. participation in the Brussels World's fair of 1958. The job called for business acumen as well as showmanship. Cullman, a 64-year-old New York millionaire with one foot in Broadway and the other in the world of commerce, fitted the description exactly.

Cullman accepted the post without a moment's hesitation. He waived the \$25,000 salary. He is a member of that relatively small group of public servants who find it impossible to spurn the call of

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. April, 1957. © 1957 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

duty. Having been sworn in as commissioner-general for the Universal and International Exhibition of Brussels for 1958, he immediately sailed for Europe to go over the plans for the great 50-nation exposition.

Cullman is the most successful "angel" in the history of the Broadway theater. He is the possessor of a phenomenally high batting average in the risky art of divining public taste. At the same time, he has managed to maintain active directorships in a score of corporate and philanthropic activities as well as serving as honorary chairman of the Port of New York Authority.

The latter title carries with it the burden of solving what is probably America's No. 1 traffic headache. The Port Authority, as it is more commonly known, is the developer of 19 public terminal and transportation facilities in New York and New Jersey. It includes the George Washington bridge, the Holland tunnel, and other arteries which could strangle New York if inefficiently planned and managed.

Cullman was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, as heir to a tobacco fortune. But he put the spoon to practical use after deserting the ranks of the idle rich while barely out of his teens.

The change occurred during a three-year bout with tuberculosis. "I guess you might say I decided right then that there were more important things to do in the world

than attending cocktail parties," says Cullman. (He was brought up without any religious training, but came into the Catholic Church in December, 1955. The influence of a Catholic wife played an important role in his decision, but it was also the result of many years of philosophical speculation.)

Cullman is president of Cullman Brothers, Inc., one of the nation's more solvent tobacco houses, president of Beekman Downtown hospital, and an active director of a multitude of commercial and charitable groups. He also has a reputation for championing social causes, a favorite method being to head up a volunteer committee to study methods of taking legal action. And he has sometimes been asked to arbitrate labor-management snarls.

The depression years provided special opportunities for Cullman's social usefulness. He once put up \$12,000 of his own money to study New York state's workmen's compensation laws, an effort which resulted in an amendment liberalizing most of the benefits.

Cullman also made the discovery, to his shock, that some antiquated child-labor laws were still on the books in the 1930's. He attended a public hearing on the child-labor amendment in Albany, N.Y., just to see what its opponents looked like.

"I was curious to see what manner of men and women would approve of having children toiling in

factories," he says, "and who would object to a federal act wiping out the blight of child labor. I saw venerable lawyers, their minds weighted down with years of irrelevant legalistic thinking; women who argued loudly over the right to work of children they obviously had never had and would never have; fighting society matrons, and all the rest of their ilk."

Cullman's headquarters is in an unpretentious, one-story building on New York's East-river water front. Much of his rigorous 12-to-14-hour day is spent there. He is incredibly prolific at dictation, averaging nearly 300 letters and memoranda a day. One may find him on the phone discussing the merits of a new play with its producer, closing an order for a new brand of cigar wrappers, or ironing out the details of a lower deck for the George Washington bridge. He reads balance sheets with the same fascination that most people reserve for fiction and poetry.

The Port Authority is Cullman's pet interest. He has served it without compensation for almost 30 years, first as a commissioner and vice chairman and for ten years as chairman. It is run jointly by the states of New York and New Jersey.

Its responsibilities extend over 1,500 square miles, and include jurisdiction over the Idlewild, LaGuardia, Newark, and Teterboro airports as well as the George Washington bridge and the Lincoln and Holland tunnels. Cullman, as chairman

of the Port Authority, has played a key role in building New York into its present position as the world's busiest city.

The Port Authority was born in 1921. In the beginning, no one was quite sure just what the strange new "animal" was or what its function was to be. Finally Governor Smith decided to get things off the drawing-board stage. He phoned Howard Cullman. At Smith's request, Cullman had earlier taken Beekman hospital, a run-down 50-bed institution, out of a \$500,000 debt, put it back on its feet, moved it into a new building, and raised a \$3.5 million endowment.

"Howard," asked Smith, "I want you to go on the Port Authority and build us something."

Cullman had said "Sure" and hung up before he realized that he didn't know what the Port Authority was. After finding out, he plunged into its problems with characteristic fervor. A few years later, the magnificent George Washington bridge was completed, spanning the Hudson river between Manhattan and New Jersey. It remained the world's longest span until San Francisco's Golden Gate bridge was finished in 1937. During 1955, more than 35 million vehicles crossed the George Washington bridge.

Twenty years before the Port Authority assumed jurisdiction of New York City air terminals, Cullman went to Europe to see what foreign countries were building in

the way of aviation facilities. His foresight later proved valuable. Until Cullman returned from abroad, New York officials were about to lease Governor's Island, headquarters of the 1st Army, as a municipal airport. Its size was 173 acres. Cullman insisted that anything under 300 acres would be grossly inadequate. Plans were immediately altered. Today New York's newest airport, Idlewild, covers more than 5,000 acres.

Soon after the Port Authority had leased La Guardia field in 1947, Cullman expressed shock at its condition. "The passengers," he noted incredulously, "are treated worse than at Haifa." Part of the field was in imminent danger of disappearing into Flushing bay. The Port Authority soon revamped passenger facilities, and built a \$1 million dike to keep out floodwaters. Cullman predicted recently that New York airports would be catering to 60 million passengers a year by 1960.

He envisions the giant landing fields as cities in themselves, with hotels and similar conveniences. Although Cullman retired as chairman of the Port Authority in 1955, his devotion will not let him rest until his dreams are fulfilled.

Ferdinand Cullman, Howard's grandfather, emigrated from Germany to the U. S. during the Civil War. He was a successful cigar maker. Although it has been reported that grandmother Cullman

said her husband's cigars "put more Union soldiers out of action than all the bullets of the Confederate Army," the senior Cullman died a wealthy man. His twin sons, Joseph and Jacob, established the Cullman Brothers firm in the 1870's at its present address. Joseph's two sons, Howard and Joseph, Jr., took over the company in 1938. Joseph died in March, 1955. Howard succeeded him as president. Today he also heads the Cigar Institute of America.

Cullman was once suspected of using the theater to enhance the virtues of the panatela. In his friend Sidney Kingsley's hit play *Detective Story*, a play heavily backed by Cullman, a bit of dialogue between a police lieutenant and actress Meg Mundy went like this.

Lieutenant: "Mind if I smoke a cigar?"

Miss Mundy: "I wish you would. I love them. My father used to smoke them all the time."

Cullman disclaims any responsibility for the passage. "I'm not a playwright," he insists. "The only thing a backer is ever allowed is two tickets to the opening. Besides, Sidney happens to love cigars himself."

The Cullman tobacco firm owns interests in almost every major cigarette company in the U.S. The firm purchased Benson and Hedges in 1941. In 1953 it consolidated with Philip Morris & Co. Cullman

Brothers also owns and grows a domestic substitute for Havana cigar wrappers on a 1,500-acre Connecticut farm.

Howard Cullman was born in New York City in 1891. He received his education at Exeter and at Yale university. Few of his activities at either institution foreshadowed a theatrical career.

"In 1909," he says, "I played a one-night stand at Exeter in a French drama which neither the actors nor the audience understood. Then I was an assistant dramatic critic on the *Yale Courant*. I had the honor of interviewing Sarah Bernhardt and of writing up her statement so ungrammatically and so conscientiously that it was never published."

In the family tradition, Cullman began to learn the business from the ground up. "But I was fired from my first job," he admits, "because the company was losing money on my cigars. I made them too fat."

Although he was more successful as a tobacco drummer on the road, Cullman still remembers one sad lesson. "I once closed a \$300,000 order only to have the buyer cancel it a few hours later. I'd had the youthful audacity to win \$10 from him at poker after the sale was made."

This was the stage in his life when Cullman contracted tuberculosis and spent several years in a Colorado sanitarium. He credits the experience with changing the

course of his life. "For the first time," he says, "I had time to think, and to realize my social responsibilities." He began to delve into serious tomes on social problems.

In 1932, Federal Judge Francis G. Caffey asked Cullman to assume the trusteeship of the world's largest movie palace, the Roxy. The \$17 million colossus was sinking into the red at the rate of \$4,000 a week.

Within six months Cullman proved himself a born showman as well as a shrewd businessman. He slashed prices to an unheard-of 25¢, including Saturdays and Sundays, and made personal selection of the pictures to be shown. He also lined up such off-beat performers as baseball's Dizzy and Daffy Dean to headline stage shows.

Cullman reasoned that if the depression had brought a demand for the 5¢ cigar, the public might also be hunting for basement prices at the movie houses. He was right. Within a few months the Roxy was outgrossing every other first-run Broadway movie house, with the exception of Radio City Music hall.

Encouraged by his success in picking movies with mass appeal, Cullman decided to start backing plays. As early as 1921 he had backed little-theater groups: the Provincetown group, for example, which included a young playwright named Eugene O'Neill. This time his eye was on the box office. His first investment, *Dance Night*, was

a \$20,000 turkey that folded its third night.

At this juncture, Cullman discovered his wife Peggy's talent for judging scripts. Before her marriage, Marguerite Wagner had been associate editor of *Stage* magazine. One of her jobs was to select appropriate covers for the magazine, usually a scene taken from a current Broadway hit. Since the magazine had to choose the covers almost three months in advance of publication, it could hardly afford to appear on the stands displaying a production which had folded weeks before. The future Mrs. Cullman was right in her choice nine times out of ten. She has been her husband's "no man" ever since.

The Cullmans have invested money in more than 300 plays over the last 20 years. They have received a return of more than 50% on their investment, a total of \$1 million. They average a hit every third play. Their most lucrative venture was the fabulously successful *Life With Father*. Cullman expects that his grandchildren will still be collecting royalties on it in years to come.

Cullman has a sense of humor

which has been known to ease more than one tense situation. Yet he has his boiling point. It was reached once when Westchester residents were accused indirectly of communist leanings. A group of citizens had protested the establishment of a large troop-carrier squadron at near-by Westchester-county airport. They were immediately branded as unpatriotic by an Air Force general.

Cullman got off a blistering telegram to Secretary of Defense Wilson. After excoriating the general he reminded the secretary that "leftist" Westchester harbored such residents as the College of New Rochelle, Manhattanville college, and Sacred Heart academy.

The Cullmans have four children: Hugh, Paul Thomas, Marguerite Patricia (Mrs. Allan Barry Stone), and Brian Henry. Mrs. Cullman divides outside activities between the theater and her work with an organization to help the blind. A list of her husband's affiliations with public and private charities would fill a single-spaced Port Authority press release. Broadway producers are not the only ones who think of Cullman as an angel.



RECOGNITION

The boss sat behind his desk, studying his employe thoughtfully. "How long have you been with us, Fenwick?" asked the employer.

"Twenty years, sir."

"Hmnn, I *thought* you looked familiar."

Bob Brown.

By Lt. Col. Robert B. Rigg
Condensed from "Army"*

Soldiers of the 1970's

They will see in the dark, ride flying platforms, and get information from mechanical spies



WHAT WILL it be like to be an American soldier in the 1970's?

If wars are fought then, they will be fought and won by soldiers, just like the wars of the past. A thermo-nuclear conflict would be unlikely by such a time, because there will be better means of conquest for an aggressor. There will be a "three-dimensional" kind of warfare that will offer cheaper and more lasting victory than atomic war could.

The soldier of the Futurarmy will be anything but a Sad Sack in appearance; he will look as if he was meant for war. He will have greater chances of survival on the battlefield than any previous soldier. And he will be a formidable fighter because he will have full confidence

in both his offensive and defensive equipment.

The primary magic behind his actions will lie in his basic garment, a very light plastic tunic. It will be bulletproof and shell-fragment-resistant.

His helmet will be a scientific masterpiece equipped with miniature electronic devices for communications, comfort, and protection. He will gain independence and precision of movement from a tiny radio transmitter and receiver. This *transceiver*, set in the laminated sections of the helmet, will place the individual soldier in communication with all other members of his fighting team, on the ground and in the air.

The future soldier's helmet will be visored, like that of a medieval knight. The visor will have unique functions in addition to protecting his face. Knobs on it will rotate various lenses. A blackout lens will shield the eyes against the fireball of a nuclear blast. The soldier will also be able to switch on dust gog-

*1529 18th St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. November, 1956. © 1956 by Association of the United States Army, and reprinted with permission.

gles. Most important, he will be able to change darkness into day with infrared lenses. As darkness falls, the Futurarmy soldier will go into the night with seeing eyes. This development will be the death knell for guerrillas in the jungle.

Further piercing the soldier's wall of darkness will be a pocket radar set to warn him of danger. Such a set sounds remote, but it really is not. It will be made possible by a new electronic device, the world's smallest self-contained magnetron tube, developed by the Army Signal corps.

Tomorrow's man-at-arms will wear a combat uniform of superman comfort. It will be astonishingly light. There will be tiny capsules of survival rations, small, hard flakes the size of a penny, tucked into the heels of zippered plastic boots. Survival rations will also be wedged into the outside edges of the plastic boot soles, soles that will wear beyond present comprehension.

A pocket in each boot will carry a compact medical-aid kit. Soldiers will be trained to administer limited medical assistance to one another in emergencies. Even today's soldier carries an atropine syrette in his gas mask with which to give himself a needle shot in the hip in case he is exposed to nerve gas.

Every bit of space in the future soldier's gear and uniform will be utilized to the last fraction of an inch. Even the stitches on the backs

of his gloves will contain something of use: vitamin pills!

For protection against the blast and fragmentation of missiles, the Futurarmy soldier will still have to dig in. And he will have to do this much faster than in the past. For this reason he will be equipped with an automatic foxhole digger: a miniature bazooka that will propel an explosive charge into the ground.

He will carry a transparent plastic rain cape that will fold into a cigar-sized capsule when not in use. But the true magic of this rain cape will not be in its compact size. The cape will be treated to protect the wearer against radioactive fall-out.

What weapons will those future soldiers use? The individual weapon will be an automatic carbine which will replace at least four of today's weapons: the M1 rifle, the carbine, the automatic rifle, and the submachine gun.

Protection for the soldier of the 1970's will not lie in his tunic alone. This soldier and his machines will move with dexterity in all dimensions, thus providing the most elusive military targets in history. Because its forces will be so elusive and so destructive, the new type of war will be built around man and not the missile.

The disproving of two false ideas will breed the new type of conflict. Idea No. 1 is largely a communist theory that will be long in dying out despite new weapons develop-

ments. The Reds, especially in communist China, still think that masses of men make for military success. They think that such masses need only be marched and parachuted into battle to win. Idea No. 2, also a mistaken view, is prevalent in Western quarters. It is that future military success may be quickly attained largely by missiles and machines. Both myths are due to be shattered.

New forms of space travel are blossoming: the Convertiplane, the Aerocycle, the Flying Platform, the Aerodyne, and the Flying Barrel. Advance these and related developments by two decades: you have a new form of war. The soldier, projected into battle zones by such devices, will be able to arrive and surprise his enemy with a force and suddenness never before known. His will be "doorstep warfare."

If you were to wear the uniform and gear of a Futurarmy soldier in war you would find that your duties involved strange vehicles and operations. You might be carrying a "spy" in your arms, a mechanical spy. Or you might be strapping yourself into the most rugged air vehicle yet ridden by man, a triangular flying platform. You might find yourself ready to take off in a nuclear-powered helicopter or in a flying tank.

There will be no bloody beach assaults when Futurarmy soldiers take off from scattered navy carriers to converge on hostile forces.

Enemy shore defenses, even inland ones, will be as obsolete as the Chinese Wall in this kind of warfare. Swarming in by air from several hundred miles at sea, your flying tanks, platforms, and helicopters will descend like locusts on enemy troop units, airfields, missile bases, and key installations. Flying artillery and guided missiles will bracket the region and seal it off by striking any enemy reinforcements moving to the scene.

About 15 soldiers and a driver will ride in each flying platform. Small TV screens on the platforms will orient commanders as their forces skim the ground to approach targets, because ahead of them will be reconnaissance platforms and drone planes with TV cameras. The tactical patterns of this conflict will tax commanders in a manner unknown in past wars.

As this sea-launched conflict rages, a new scene will begin. A continent away, a fleet of nuclear-powered planes will take off to launch a new form of aerial attack deep in the enemy homeland. Unlike today's bombers, this fleet will not have to converge on the targets under attack and face heavy anti-aircraft fire. The planes will unleash soldiers in flying platforms, dropping them from fairly high altitudes, well outside the target area. There will be no bombing nor bailing out over the target.

Mechanical spies called "owls" will go into action. Thousands of

basket-sized capsules will plummet to earth, set themselves upright, and automatically extend antennas. Elsewhere, thousands of soldiers will wait by their machines of war as the fantastic robot spies report on location of enemy installations.

How will these mechanical Mata Haris work? By reacting to densities of metal vehicles, and the operation of engines, radios, and electronic equipment. The data the robots obtain will be automatically transmitted by radio. A military unit, marching or flying into an area for bivouac, could be automatically picked up by the "owls." The devices will operate 24 hours a day for a year.

The mechanical spy will divert enemy effort into the biggest spy hunt in history. Some "owls" may

be captured, but thousands of others will not be. Many will have done their work before capture. However, none will confess to anything, because each of them will have a "heart" booby-trapped with TNT!

Because the emphasis in the new kind of warfare will be on possession rather than destruction, it will provide the best basis for a lasting peace. Even the most aggressive government will be liable to sudden capture.

It is only a question of time until these techniques and this mobility will be developed. We must concentrate on making our soldiers of the future invincible in three-dimensional warfare. This we can do, if we retain technological superiority in all fields of military endeavor.



FORTUNES OF WAR

During the 2nd World War, I had reported to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., for induction into the army, and was being interviewed by a corporal. "Did you finish grammar school?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "Also high school. And I have an A.B. from the University of Arkansas, and 60 credit hours toward the M.A. at . . ."

The interviewer merely nodded, picked up a rubber stamp, and, after flourishing it in mid-air, slammed it down on the questionnaire, imprinting one word: "Literate."

Ernest Blevins.

*

A naval recruit lost his rifle, and on being told that he would have to pay for it, protested, "If I were driving a jeep and somebody stole it, would I have to pay for that, too?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Now I know why the captain always goes down with his ship," the recruit declared, shaking his head sadly.

The Union (15 June '56).

INFANT IMMIGRANTS

Every year hundreds of immigrants dissatisfied with postwar life in their own countries pour into America. From every country of the globe, people seeking a new and better way of life leave behind them their native tastes and habits, and adapt themselves to the new customs of their adopted land.

Youthful immigrants, however, have mixed emotions about tearing up their roots, a New York *Daily News* reporter found. He took these pictures when three transatlantic liners docked at New York. Some babies were charmed by their first glimpse of America, others were not so sure, while some were too fatigued to care. Soon they were on their way by train, car or airplane to California, Ohio, Minnesota, Florida, to start a new and better future.

GERMANY: Zoltan Kosic and Helmut Kraus, both aged three, laugh happily while they wait for their parents.





HUNGARY: Showing her doll the New York skyline is pretty Maria Apinis, five, who is going to Ohio.



BELGIUM: Eight-year-old Valdemar Kukushin plays a tune for Procopie Berdine, a refugee from Russia.

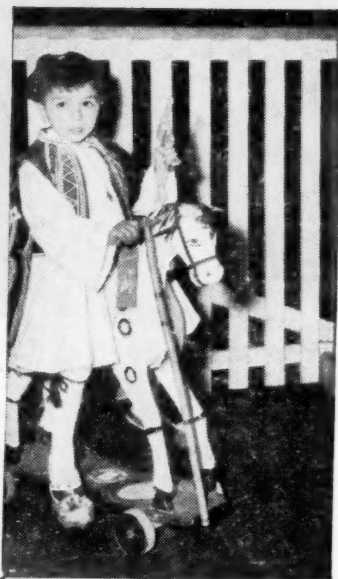
New York Daily News Photos.

AUSTRALIA: Jennifer Bean, six, has fun with Chinky Wong as they arrive aboard the Saxonica to live in New York.





RUSSIA: Sixteen-month-old Mike Bonderenka has a good look before disembarking to settle in New York.



GREECE: Practicing to be a cowboy à la Cassidy is Nicolas Bourgoutris, who wears Greek national costume.



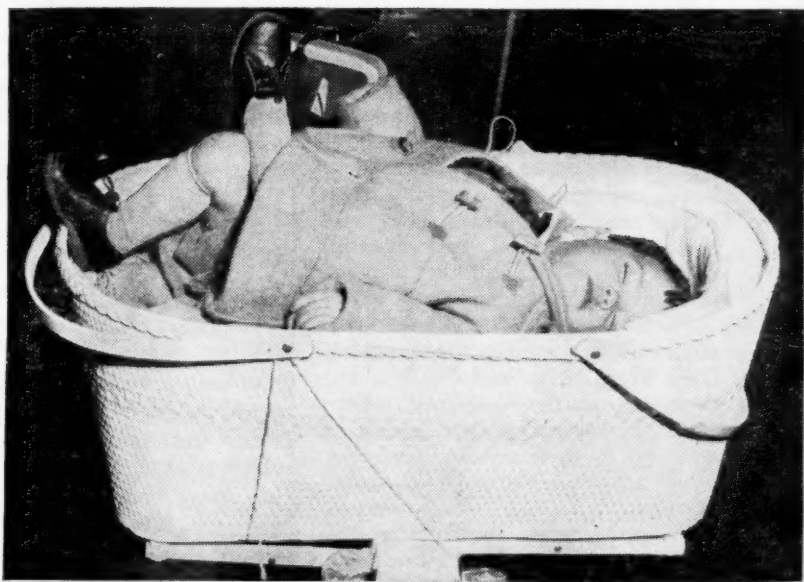
FRANCE: Wearing protective furry headgear against the cold, Helena Stohrin enjoys a doughnut before getting the train for North Carolina.



YUGOSLAVIA: *Wolfgang Zeller, ten months old, is held out of the porthole by his Yugoslavian mother.*



GERMANY: *It's been tears all the way for German-born Gertrude Zollmer, aged eight months.*



AUSTRALIA: *The excitement of disembarking is too much for Stephan Duffy, aged two. He decides to have 40 winks before boarding a train for his destination.*

By Bruce Catton
1954 Pulitzer-Prize Winner
*Condensed from "Mr. Lincoln's Army"**

Songs of the Blue and the Gray

We still hear them on Memorial day

All armies like to sing. It began, apparently, with the Roman legions, whose foot soldiers learned that marching in cadence beat out the rhythm for some sort of tune. It extends from armies to other military organizations; the air force and the navy, in America and in other countries, develop their favorite songs and use them to beguile the tedium of military life.

Probably only part of this comes from the fact that men who do a good deal of marching like to march (when they aren't too dusty and winded) to the lilt of a good tune. Beyond this there is the fact that the men involved are usually young, far away from home, confronted often enough by a highly uncertain future. They are homesick, bewildered, basically still romantic; how else can they express themselves except through song?

No armies ever sang more than the armies which fought in the American Civil War. North and South alike, these imperfectly disciplined collections of young American manhood turned to music to say the things that could not easily be said otherwise. Most especially, they liked to sing in the evening, when the day's routine was over and the evening meal had been finished, and the uncertain light

of innumerable campfires sent the long shadows dancing over company street and tented field.

Surrounded by thousands of his fellows, the young soldier was likely to feel pretty lonely, just then. The way in which he could then use music to break down the barriers of isolation and to recapture some of the emotional values which he felt he had lost can be best understood, perhaps, by examining the campfire-singing habits of one of the largest and most famous of the Civil War armies, the Federal Army of the Potomac, which fought in the Virginia theater of war and which had the unhappy and expensive assignment of confronting the tough Army of Northern Virginia led by Robert E. Lee.

Bruce Catton

The armies of the American Civil War, whether clad in blue or gray, sang a great deal. Indeed, on certain occasions between battles or in lulls during battles, they sang together. And many of the songs they sang have been perpetuated in Memorial day programs ever since that holiday was instituted by Gen. John A. Logan back in 1868 as a

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day on which to decorate the graves of Civil war veterans of both sides.

Circumstances of the Civil War favored singing. In the first place, very little fighting was done during the first months after Sumter. Take the Northern Army of the Potomac, for instance. Volunteers were pouring in on Lincoln's call, and it was all the War department could do to get them organized and equipped and give them a semblance of training. The men had a great deal of spare time.

Later, in the critical months between the autumn of 1862 and midsummer of the following year, the eventual outcome of the Civil War was determined by the Army of the Potomac. After suffering a bloody massacre at Fredericksburg, making an aimless and muddy march up and down the banks of the Rappahannock, and enduring a catastrophe of confusion at Chancellorsville, this army finally turned the fortune of war against the Confederacy at Gettysburg.

In between engagements were long encampments and weeks of waiting in trenches. The soldiers,

both green draftees and grizzled veterans, would sing to while away the time and to release emotions. The songs they sang were not stirring patriotic songs, full of rally-round-the-flag heroism (those were for the stay-at-home civilians) but slow, sad tunes that could express the loneliness and homesickness of boys who had been uprooted and sent out to face hardship and death.

Their favorite was *When This Cruel War Is Over*, by Charles Carroll Sawyer: a song which might well have been, momentarily, the most popular song ever written in America. It sold more than a million copies during the war, which would be equivalent to a sale of 7 or 8 million today—and that was before the era of canned music and artful song pluggers, before the day when there was a piano or other musical instrument, plus some sort of musical training, in every home. The song went like this:

*Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?*



*Oh, how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.*

And the chorus:

*Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
Yet praying, when this cruel war is
over,
Praying that we meet again.*

Men would sing that song and cry. It expressed the deep inner feeling of the boys who had gone to war so blithely in an age when no one would speak the truth about the reality of war: war is tragedy; it is better to live than to die.

The higher brass didn't admire the song at all; some fathead in shoulder straps at one time actually issued an order forbidding the singing of it in the Army of the Potomac, on the ground that it encouraged desertion. He was quite unable to see that it really worked the other way. It gave the boys a chance to express their war weariness simply by opening their mouths and singing rather than by dropping their muskets and running. As might be supposed, the order was totally ineffective and was soon rescinded.

Next in popularity, probably, was *Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground*, a song more familiar nowadays because it hung on after the war, being adapted to express

the emotions of old soldiers at reunions, whereas *Weeping, Sad and Lonely* was not. There was, of course, not a trace in either song of the jingle and stir of what is commonly thought of as patriotic music. *Tenting Tonight* frankly states the soldier's dejection.

*We're tenting tonight on the old
camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.*

And the conclusion, very soft and long-drawn-out:

*Dying tonight—dying tonight,
Dying on the old...camp...ground.*

They were sentimentalists, all right, the boys who sang those songs around their campfires, with the regimental bands lifting the slow melodies up to the dark sky like drifting plumes of wood smoke from the embers; but they weren't milk-and-water sentimentalists. If they chose to make a song about "dying tonight," they were the men who had to go out and do the dying, and they knew it. (In the thrice-valiant 2nd Wisconsin the figures showed that by the end of the war nearly nine out of ten men in combat assignments had been shot.)

The boys in blue liked *Lorena*, too, although that was perhaps more popular in the Southern

armies—*Lorena* with its sugary, paper-lace-valentine romantics.

*The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky,
Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow-
ers have been.*

North and South, the armies sang Stephen Foster: *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Old Folks at Home*, *Old Black Joe*, and *Nellie Gray*, especially the last. Ranking close to *Tenting Tonight* was *The Vacant Chair*.

*We shall meet, but we shall miss
him;
There will be one vacant chair*

and they liked *The Girl I Left Behind Me* and old favorites such as *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes* and *Auld Lang Syne* and—deeply, tearfully, *Home, Sweet Home*.

During the long winter after the battle of Fredericksburg, the two rival armies were camped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, with the boys on the picket posts daily swapping coffee for tobacco and comparing notes on their generals, their rations, and other matters. Each camp was in full sight and hearing of the other.

One evening massed Union bands came down to the riverbank to play all of those songs, plus the more

rousing tunes like *John Brown's Body*, *The Battle Cry of Freedom*, and *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching*. Northerners and Southerners, the soldiers sang those songs or sat and listened to them, massed in their thousands on the hillsides, while the darkness came down to fill the river valley, and the light of the campfires glinted off the dark water.

Finally the Southerners called across, "Now play some of ours," so without pause the Yankee bands swung into *Dixie* and *The Bonnie Blue Flag* and *Maryland, My Maryland*. And then at last the massed bands played *Home, Sweet Home*, and 150,000 fighting men tried to sing it and choked up and just sat there, silent, staring off into the darkness; and at last the music died away and the bandmen put up their instruments and both armies went to bed. A few weeks later they were tearing each other apart in the lonely thickets around Chancellorsville.

Singing on the march was not very common except among recruits. After the first half-hour an army march settled down to a dull question of endurance; there was mud to contend with, or if there was no mud there were choking clouds of dust, and nobody had any breath or enthusiasm to waste on songs.

On special occasions, though, the troops might fall into step and strike up a song; one of the German

regiments (all especially noted for their singing) came tramping into Frederick with flags uncased, singing the John Brown song. It was noted, too, that when troops were marching through Charlestown, where old Brown had been tried and hanged, they had a way of singing that song. Once in a while, when the day was cool and the road was good, a regiment might sing a bit on the march out of sheer good spirits; but when it did the song was likely to be a homemade ditty, neither sentimental nor patriotic, like the little song of the Zouave regiments.

*Oh we belong to the Zoo-Zoo-Zoos—
Don't you think we oughter?
We're going down to Washing-town
To fight for Abraham's daughter.*

When the soldiers used music to complain about their lot, it was not so much the fighting they were protesting against, although, being very human, they would have been glad to be shut of it. Boredom, dirt, disease, bad food, and the general air of doing everything the hard way which is inseparable from army life (it began, no doubt, in Julius Caesar's legions) seemed to cause most of the grouching.*

The slaves, the people this war was largely about, sang too. Late

one afternoon the I Corps was hiking along the road toward Leesburg. The column went past an old plantation, and on a rail fence by the roadside there was an unexpected audience: some dozens of the plantation's colored folk, perching on the fence and rolling their eyes hugely as the Lincoln soldiers went by. The mounted officers at the head of the column passed along, and the color guard with the cased dusty flags, and then came the infantry, rank upon endless rank, tramping the miles off with the stolid silence of veterans.

The colored folk were simple people who knew very little about many things, but they were familiar with the apocalyptic visions and the wild sharp poetry of the Scriptures.

As they looked at those tired soldiers they saw what the reviewing officers would never see: Freedom stepping lightly along the hills; the King of the Earth striding by with a ram's horn in his hand; the walls of Jericho itself collapsing to the sound of far-off trumpets. Before long they began to rock and sway on their perch, and they shouted "Hallelujah!" and "Bless de Lord" and some of them cried out that Lincoln was a mighty warrior.

In front of the fence, close to the road, stood a bent gray-haired patriarch, and he finally spoke up to ask where Lincoln was personally. Soldier-like, the men answered that he wouldn't be along for a while—yet;

*What follows is an excerpt from Bruce Catton's "Glory Road." © 1952 by Bruce Catton, and reprinted with permission. Published 1954 by Doubleday and Co., Garden City, N.Y. 416 pp. \$4.50.

he was back behind the mule train, and maybe it would be tomorrow before he showed up. The slaves on the fence took this in, and continued to shout. Before long, the old man by the roadside began to sway and chant, and the first thing anyone knew he was leading the colored people in a song, all of the bodies rocking back and forth with the music.

*Don't you see 'em, comin', comin',
comin',
Millions from de odder shore?
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Bless de Lord forever more!*

*Don't you see 'em, goin', goin', goin'
Past ol' massa's mansion door?
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Bless de Lord forever more!*

*Jordan's stream is runnin', runnin',
runnin'—
Million soldiers passin' o'er:
Lincoln comin' wid his chariot—
Bless de Lord forever more!*

One of the soldiers who marched past them wrote that it seemed to him as if he could see the rocking figures and hear the singing far into the night, while the army kept on its way to the river.



KID STUFF

A certain father in our town is confident that his son will one day distinguish himself as a prosecuting attorney. One evening at dinner, the father was trying to persuade the lad to eat his rhubarb.

"Come now, Tony," dad coaxed, "there are thousands of little boys in India who would be glad to have a chance to eat some nice rhubarb like this."

Young Tony looked at his father with a level gaze. "Name two," he challenged.

Frances Benson.



While I was waiting in the doctor's office one afternoon, the door of his consulting room opened and a little girl about eight emerged, followed by her father.

"Daddy, what's that paper the doctor gave you?" she asked.

"Why, that's your prescription. It tells the man at the drugstore the kind of medicine you need to make you well," the father replied, showing her the mysterious little slip.

The little girl looked thoughtfully at it for a moment, then sniffed, "Huh, even I can write better than that."

Mrs. Paul E. Fink.

By Selwyn James
*Condensed from "Redbook"**

The Man Who Lost Himself

*A silver dollar and eight new pennies
were his only links with the past*

THE POLICE FILE on Robert Downs, jailed for vagrancy in New Orleans, was meager. It showed that he was without known address, that he lacked means of support, and that he had just been arrested for creating a disturbance in the lobby of one of the southern seaport's largest hospitals.

The file did not reveal that the lean, sandy-haired man was a 32-year-old aircraft mechanic whose real name was Charles Henry Sleter, and that, only three days before, he had been living happily with his wife and two children in a small apartment in Hialeah, Fla., some 900 miles away.

These facts were not in the file because the man the police called "Robert Downs" did not know them himself.

On Friday, April 6, 1956, at about 4 P.M., Charles Sleter had cashed his pay check at the Pan-American Airlines' Miami office, where he was employed. He had then walked 200 yards to the parking lot, and was pressing the starter of his battered '46 sedan when two



men in overalls asked him for a lift.

Assuming that they were Pan-American mechanics like himself, Sleter told them to hop in. The two men chatted amiably until the car reached the Hialeah town line. Then they fell oddly silent. Sleter grew suspicious, and demanded to know where they lived. Receiving only a sharp command to keep driving, Sleter pulled over and jammed on his brakes.

The men jumped out ahead of Sleter, dragged him from the driver's seat, and slugged him. While one of them pinned him down, the

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. March, 1957. © 1957 by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

other yanked the money out of his pocket.

"It was just about all the money I had in the world," Sleter told me recently. "I was darned if I was going to make it easy for them!" He fought back, managed to get to his feet. He remembers connecting with some heavy blows. Then he blacked out.

Forty hours later, on Sunday morning, Sleter found himself in a strange city. He did not know who he was; he did not recognize his face in a mirror, nor the sound of his own voice. He did not know, until he saw a newspaper, that he was in New Orleans.

Psychiatrists explain that amnesia is an escape mechanism of the mind, a way of blocking out memory when a man's troubles become unendurable to him. The things Chuck Sleter forgot were what his subconscious mind wanted to forget; it was a selective loss of memory which left him knowing how to tie a shoelace, what a banana looks like, and that two and two is four. But for five weeks he was deprived of all knowledge of his past; of his wife Florence and their two children, eight-year-old Jimmy, and blonde, brown-eyed Barbara, four in February.

Unlike most amnesia victims, Sleter did not travel the road back to awareness in a hospital bed, or under the care of psychiatrists. Instead, his five-week ordeal began with the disbelief of both the police

and the doctors. They turned him loose into the streets of New Orleans, alone with his half thoughts and with less than \$5 in his pockets.

Yet Chuck Sleter's nightmare also proved to be a triumph of his spirit. For in his striving toward self-identity, he managed to build the beginnings of a new life. He fed, clothed, and housed himself. He neither sought charity nor accepted it.

Sleter wandered aimlessly along Canal St. He searched his pockets, found three \$1 bills and some change in one of them, a silver dollar and eight shiny new pennies in another. He had no wallet, no letters, no identification.

He got the notion of seeking help from the Salvation Army. He entered a telephone booth, but as he rifled through the directory, his mind simply refused to function. He slumped over the book, his face buried in his hands.

Sleter heard a voice behind him say, "What's the matter, feller? Need any help?" The man who had spoken looked genuinely concerned. He told Sleter that he could ride with him to Salvation Army headquarters.

In the car, Sleter's new friend asked, "What's your name, feller?"

"I don't know my name!" Sleter blurted, "I don't know anything about myself!"

His friend suggested that he should talk to the police. He drove to the Rampart St. police station,

where Detective Austin Ohler listened patiently to Sleter's story of "waking up" on Canal St.

Then he fired a salvo of questions: "How much did you drink last night? When were you last picked up by the police? Where do you live? Have you got a record in any other city? Where do you work? What's your wife's name?"

When Sleter protested that he remembered nothing, Detective Ohler shrugged wearily and drove him to a New Orleans hospital. There a psychiatrist told him, "If you're looking for free board and lodging, why don't you go to a mission?"

Sleter later learned that derelicts often simulate amnesia to get a few days of good food and rest. The questioning was standard procedure.

They gave him an injection of a drug that places a patient in a "twilight" state of consciousness. Questions were asked slowly, but again Sleter failed to find answers. After the effects of the drug had begun to diminish, he was escorted by a young intern to the hospital lobby.

Sleter was given a paper to sign, attesting to his release from the hospital. When he asked what name he should use, the intern grinned broadly. "Why, just write 'Robert Downs,'" he said. "Isn't that the name you gave upstairs? Now hurry it up, boy, and sign the paper."

Groggy from the drug, Sleter did a foolish but understandable thing.

He shouted angrily at the doctor. The detective quickly snapped handcuffs on Sleter, informing him that he was under arrest. "If you won't tell us the truth," the detective said, "you'll have to take what's coming to you."

The truth about Charles Henry Sleter was this. He was born in Whitestone, N.Y. His father was an army man who held the rank of 1st lieutenant when he retired after 30 years of service. Charles was graduated from the local high school, then went to work as a trainee at the Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant at Lake Success. Then the draft claimed him. He served in both the European and Pacific war zones.

He met Florence Maciejewski soon after his discharge in 1946. They married a year later, when she was just 17. "He had such wonderful plans for our future," Florence recalls. "He just couldn't wait to get started. He wanted everything for me and the children; and he wanted it all at once!"

Like many other newlyweds, they found a gap between dream and reality. They moved into two small rooms, and for the next four years Sleter had a job installing kitchen equipment in new houses. By the time their first child was born, Sleter had managed to save the down payment on an \$11,500 home.

Sleter bought new furniture, a new car, window screens, and storm

windows—all on time. He spent money on landscaping. The first winter's heating bills were an unpleasant surprise. Unexpectedly, Flo had to have expensive dental work. Then, in 1952, she found that she was pregnant again.

Sleter took on a new job, working the 4 P.M. to 1 A.M. shift at Sperry. Between 8 A.M. and 3:30 P.M., most week ends included, he continued his kitchen installation work. He held to this grinding schedule for almost three years.

Sleter saw so little of his family that he resorted to writing long notes to Flo and leaving them in the refrigerator for her. Flo kept these notes as other women keep love letters; they were full of affection and the promise of better days.

Even with two jobs, Sleter could not live within his income. He mortgaged himself far into the future with new purchases. By mid-1955 the pace began to take its toll. He had lost weight; he suffered palpitations. He slept only fitfully, and began taking sleeping pills. Flo had long urged him to give up one of his jobs. "Not until we've paid off every last cent," Sleter replied.

One morning Sleter simply couldn't get out of bed. His hands trembled; his legs failed to respond. The family doctor called it "nervous exhaustion," and when Flo told him her husband's schedule, he said that Sleter should consult a psychiatrist.

Sleter reluctantly agreed to con-

fine his working time to the customary eight hours a day. However, a couple of months later, layoffs at the Sperry plant included him. The Sleters decided to sell their house and move to Florida, where his brother and widowed mother lived.

Within a month, Sleter had a job paying \$72 a week as a mechanic for Pan-American Airlines. The family settled down in a three-room apartment in Hialeah and started to live on a strict budget. A week-end job as a gas-station attendant helped Sleter to resume paying off old debts. Life was beginning to look good when Sleter lost himself on that quiet, sandy road.

When Sleter failed to come home that Friday afternoon, Florence assumed that he was working overtime. But by 10 P.M. she began to worry, and after packing the children off to bed, she walked up and down the deserted street listening for their old car.

She hesitated to call Pan-American, afraid that the company would brand Sleter as an unreliable employee if his own wife could not find him. For the same reason, she was reluctant to call the police or local hospitals. She re-read all the old notes Sleter used to leave in the refrigerator. "I wept as I read them," she recalls. "I was sure they weren't written by a man who would walk out on me."

At six o'clock on Saturday morning, Florence telephoned Sleter's

brother. They drove out to the Pan-American parking lot. Not finding Sleter's car, they made a fruitless five-hour search of Hialeah and Miami. At home again, Florence checked by telephone every hospital for miles around.

"I couldn't cry or get panicky in front of the children," Florence says, "but they guessed something terrible had happened. Barbara clung to me all day. Jimmy tried to cheer me up by putting on the new white suit he was going to wear in a few days at his First Communion. He had trouble making a knot in the white tie, and I couldn't tie it, either. Without thinking, I said, 'Daddy will have to do it,' and Jimmy gave me a sad look and said, 'Yes, he'll be home for my First Communion; he wouldn't miss that for anything, would he?'"

Sunday morning Florence reported the disappearance of her husband to the Hialeah police. The desk sergeant told her that her problem was one for the Missing Persons bureau. The bureau promised to issue a country-wide alarm in seven days; under local regulations this is the period that must elapse before anyone is presumed missing.

"You'll get faster action if you swear out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of desertion and non-support," an official advised Florence. "Detectives don't have much time to track down missing per-

sons. In a case like this, they figure he's just another husband who wants out."

Shocked, Florence declined to swear out an arrest warrant. She had no funds for circulars or private investigators. She walked out of the Missing Persons bureau feeling as lost and desperate as Sleter himself was at just about the same time.

In New Orleans court Monday morning, Sleter pleaded not guilty to the charge of loitering and vagrancy. Detective Ohler related the facts fairly, telling the judge of Sleter's claim of amnesia.

The case against Sleter was dismissed. The judge said to him, "You ought to get help, young man. Why don't you try the Salvation Army?"

Sleter did not take the advice. "If the police and the doctors took me for a fake," he says, "why would the Salvation Army have thought any different? All I wanted then was a chance to find myself. First, I had to support myself. As for my name, Downs would have to do!"

Sleter ran into one of his cellmates, Tom, whose case had been settled out of court. They agreed to room together. While Tom was at work, Sleter found a room for \$6 a week. He paid his share in advance. This left him exactly 23¢, not counting the silver dollar and the shiny new pennies. "I felt they were a link with my past," he says.

"I decided not to spend them, no matter how hard up I got."

That afternoon he distributed handbills for a chain store, and received \$2.75 for five hours work. At 8 P.M. he met Tom at a restaurant. He treated himself and his friend to dinner.

Not knowing his own skills, and unable to refer to previous experience, Sleter could get only menial work. He next got a temporary job as an electrical repairman's helper. The first day, watching a refrigerator being overhauled, Sleter recognized the tools used and what the mechanic did. He also discovered that he knew how to repair an electric toaster, a washing machine, and other kitchen appliances. "This made me so excited my hands started to tremble," he recalls. "In my lunch time, I began to make a list of everything that was familiar to me: the palm tree, the soft-drink sign, the tools."

He kept studying his growing list of familiar sights, smells, and sounds, hoping for some helpful flash of memory. Nothing came. Then, one evening, Tom told him about a word-association test he had once seen in a movie. Tom made up a list of words, to each of which Sleter was to respond with the first word that came to his mind.

Sleter relaxed on his bed, and as the test began, he pressed the silver dollar tightly into the palm of his hand.

Tom said the first word: "Home."

"House," Sleter answered quickly.

"Wife."

"Woman."

"Money."

"Trouble." Both men laughed nervously.

The test continued with no significant responses until Tom said, "Work."

"Sperry," Sleter answered without hesitation.

A few minutes later Tom said, "War." Sleter answered "E-P-D."

"Say," Tom exclaimed, "were you in EPD? That's a branch of the Army Engineers—Petroleum Distribution!"

At the library next day, Sleter looked up "Sperry" in a directory of American industries and found the Sperry Gyroscope Co., with plants in several U.S. cities. "Because of my northern accent, I figured I must have worked in the Lake Success branch," Sleter says. "My goal now was to save enough money to travel north. I was going to visit the plant to see if anyone there would recognize me."

Elated by the results of the word game, Sleter telephoned Detective Ohler and asked if his identity might be established through a fingerprint check. On Ohler's instructions, Sleter reported to Sgt. Cornelius Drumm at the Rampart St. station on Saturday, April 14, and was fingerprinted and photographed. Drumm said that he would send Sleter's file to the FBI in Washington, with the suggestion

that army records might disclose his identity.

Normally, a reply would have come from the FBI within a week. But there was no news for almost a month.

Meanwhile, Sleter worked at various jobs: sorting wood for a cabinetmaker, delivering groceries, stapling seismographic charts for a printer, making window screens, loading trucks, installing stained-glass windows in churches.

One afternoon, Sleter watched a group of children at play in a park, and felt himself strangely drawn to a little boy of about seven whose playmates called him Jimmy, the name of his own forgotten son.

Then, one day, Sergeant Drumm summoned him to the station house. U. S. Army files had identified the man called "Robert Downs" as Charles Henry Sleter. To locate Sleter's family, Sergeant Drumm made a series of phone calls: to Whitestone, to Long Island, to Florida, and then again to Long Island, where Florence was now living with her children in the home of her married sister in Port Washington.

Florence herself answered the telephone. "It was like getting a message from heaven," she says. "I was alone in the house with Barbara, and we danced and laughed and wept."

At the police station, Drumm gave Sleter the facts. Sleter was neither excited nor happy. "Noth-

ing Drumm told me clicked in my mind," he says. "I was afraid it would all turn out to be a bust!"

Then Drumm put another call through to Port Washington. It was an awkward, disappointing conversation. At first, Florence failed to recognize Sleter's voice, and she found herself tongue-tied and frightened. As for Sleter, he felt that he was speaking to a stranger.

He asked Florence about the silver dollar and the new pennies. The mention of them brought her voice back to life. She told Sleter that the silver dollar was a good-luck piece he had carried for years; new pennies he had always saved for the children.

Sleter flew home the next day. The reunion at Newark airport was as painfully stilted as the conversation of the previous night. He recognized nobody. Trembling and perspiring from head to toe, he could not bring himself to embrace his wife. Florence choked back the tears, and thanked her good sense for leaving the children at home.

Later, in his sister-in-law's home, he was rushed by his laughing children. Because he thought it was expected of him, he caught them in his arms, hugging and kissing them. But he did not feel that they were his own. The rest of the day was spent in trivial conversation with Florence, punctuated by long embarrassing silences.

He was admitted to Meadowbrook hospital the next day. He

received electroshock therapy and awoke two hours later. Sitting at his bedside, Florence saw a glimmer of recognition in his eyes, the faintest smile on his lips. Then he came to full consciousness, saying, "Hi, Flo! What am I doing in this place?"

The shock treatment had restored his past, but had wiped out all memory of those last five weeks. A second jolt of electric current restored his memory completely, except for those mysterious 40 hours of travel between Hialeah and New Orleans. Even today, the journey remains a mystery; Sleter has only a dreamlike remembrance of hitchhiking the 900 miles.

For a while he felt convinced that his amnesia had been caused entirely by the violence of the men who robbed him. But under the guidance of a psychiatrist, he came to learn that the emotional shock of losing his money, climaxing debt-

loaded years of overwork, was at least partially responsible.

Today Sleter has a job assembling airplane precision instruments in a Port Washington machine shop. He has bought a new house, one that he can afford.

Paradoxically, Sleter has found that his amnesia helped him to discover himself. The experience revealed his strengths and his frailties with pitiless clarity. "I don't try to keep up with the Joneses any more," he said recently, "and I've stopped envying other people. I know now how crazy I was to work 16 hours a day, so that I was only a part-time husband and father.

"I know also that I will never again worry so much about money. You can drop me anywhere, in any town, without friends or money, and soon I'll have a job, a roof over my family's head, and food in the refrigerator. I am not afraid of life any more."



OFF SEASON

A vacationer who had but recently made the financial grade registered at a swank hotel in Amarillo, Texas. The desk clerk began his usual little welcoming speech, but was interrupted by a haughty gesture.

"Just tell me, son, is there anything really interesting in this town?" inquired the guest.

"Well," the clerk replied, "we have the only helium plant in the world."

"You don't say," murmured the guest with some show of enthusiasm. "And is it in bloom now?"

Mrs. E.M.

How to Stay Young

One good way is to keep busy

YOU DON'T have to grow old as fast as you have perhaps feared. Medical science has discovered that a great many of the factors in what is called the aging process are controllable. We can't, of course, cause these processes to stand still, but we can slow them down considerably. Let's take a look at the latest findings of the experts.

Q. Is it true that age need not be measured by birthdays?

A. Yes. Many things bear more directly on the business of growing old than do the candles on your birthday cake. Investigators have found that many people become old physically as well as mentally while still in their early 40's. Conversely, there are a great many others who remain biologically young, that is, youthful and resilient in mind and body, long after they reach 65.

Q. Do many Americans succeed in remaining mentally and physically youthful after reaching their middle 60's?

A. To throw light on this question, a leading university made a careful study of a representative

group of Americans from all walks of life, all of whom had passed their 65th birthday. Tests were given to each subject to determine the degree of senility or youthfulness present in him. More than 10% had the symptoms of mental and physical decrepitude which come with senility. Over half were in the center of the scale, neither youthful nor senile. But more than one-third remained young in mind and body. Their mental faculties were keen and sharp; they walked with a springy step. Indeed, the results of their physical examinations could well fit many people who are still back in their 20's.

Q. Did this extremely youthful group of oldsters have any significant traits in common?

A. The study showed that the one specific trait which distinguished all of them from the others was that, whether retired or not, they kept constantly busy. They had a multitude of social contacts. Their daily schedules were filled with so many varied activities that they never had time to be bored. And (unlike the others) none of the youthful oldsters lived in the

past. They were concerned only with the present, and with building plans for the future.

Q. Is it possible to keep old age at bay without leading an active social life?

A. Yes, if (and this is a big if) you are truly creative and have plenty of inner resources. As sociologist David Riesman, of the University of Chicago, points out, it is important to realize that creative people are not necessarily well adjusted socially. They may be able to get along well with very few people; may have terrible tempers, neurotic moods. Yet in such cases, a passionate interest in their creative endeavor will keep them just as young as if they had well-rounded interests and led a full social life.

Persons of this type, says Professor Riesman, may successfully relate themselves to the cosmos more through an emphasis on objects and ideas than on social relations.

Q. How can you keep your mental faculties from declining as old age approaches?

A. By keeping mentally active. It has been demonstrated that our mental faculties need regular exercise, and that without it they tend gradually to deteriorate. Studies conducted at Stanford university show conclusively that persons who keep their minds the busiest retain their mental alertness the longest;

and that the person whose profession or avocational interests requires little brain activity finds his mental faculties becoming less keen with each passing year.

Q. Does physical exercise help a person to stay young?

A. Exhaustive studies made at the University of California show that moderate exercise taken regularly (two or three times a week) will do a great deal to slow down the aging process. Aside from the purely physical benefits derived, the university investigators found that exercise has a direct effect on a man's personality, improving morale and promoting a more complete sense of well-being. Tests also showed that exercise provides a valuable release for emotional tensions; and that people who get adequate exercise tend to have better balanced personalities than those who do not.

Yet all authorities warn against too strenuous exercise, especially if you are not used to it or are over 40. For the average person, University of California's Dr. Ernest D. Michael recommends walking or swimming as the best types of exercise because of their rhythmical nature and because they require the use of many muscles. Thirty minutes, he finds, is a good exercise period, but it can be shortened or lengthened according to physical conditioning.

Good posture has also been found

to be an important factor in staying young. Studies have shown repeatedly that poor posture materially hastens the aging process.

Q. Does what you eat have anything to do with enabling you to stay young longer?

A. Yes. Recent studies conducted at Pennsylvania State college show that the process of growing old can be slowed down appreciably by eating more protein foods. It has been demonstrated that increased consumption of meat and other high-protein foods delays the wasting of body tissue which comes with aging.

Research at Harvard and elsewhere likewise indicates the wisdom of maintaining a high protein diet if you want to stay young as long as possible. And researchers have found that the body tends to require more rather than less protein as we grow older. Washington university's School of Medicine studies have shown, for example, that to keep in the best physical condition the older person will require 20%-25% more protein than he did at middle age.

Q. Does living beyond your means cause you to age faster?

A. Yes. Wide-scale studies conducted by three universities show that living beyond your income makes you grow old before your time. The surveys showed that individuals who had retained the most youthful vigor and mental alertness had formed a habit of living within their means. Conversely, those who showed the telltale signs of aging earliest in life were those who habitually spent more than they earned. Most of them were constantly harassed by unpaid bills, and had never saved anything.

Q. What about living alone?

A. If you wish to retain your youth as long as possible, don't live alone. Studies show that bachelors and spinsters (most especially bachelors) tend to age faster and die off sooner than the rest of the population. A survey of a specimen group of 6 million people conducted by the Metropolitan Insurance Co. shows that the average married man has just twice the chance of attaining a hale and vigorous middle age as has the average bachelor.



REVOLVING FUND

An Englishman, touring the U.S. in a borrowed car, ruined a tire. A gas attendant replaced it with a new one, remarking, "Mister, you'll get better service from this tire if you don't keep over 24 pounds in it."

"Not over 24 pounds!" exclaimed the Englishman. "But, my dear fellow, what a dashed odd place to keep *any* money!"

Hal Chadwick.

Don Camillo Takes the Devil by the Tail

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

DON CAMILLO shows signs of becoming a legend as warmly alive as Robin Hood and his merry men, or Paul Bunyan and his big blue ox. It's an important event when author Giovanni Guareschi bestirs himself to produce a new series of stories about the inventive Don Camillo and his struggles with the commies led by the peppery mayor, Peppone.

Both are activists. They are never content to let time and circumstances settle crises; always they must intervene to mold affairs to the credit of the side they stand for. This quality in Don Camillo and Peppone gives rise to plots and counterplots jammed with amusing circumstances.

Here Peppone is at a disadvantage. He must follow the snake-like twists of the communist line, and wait for the directives of the party bigwigs.

Don Camillo's source of power is near at hand. He has only to go into the church. There Christ, hanging on the large crucifix, speaks to the priest, doing his best to moderate Don Camillo's ardor, and trying

to teach him complete justice and humility.

Don Camillo Takes the Devil by the Tail, which Guareschi has just finished, is as fresh and packed with humor as *The Little World of Don Camillo*, the first of the amusing series. It is even more than that, because it deals with the latest events of the communist attempt to dominate the minds and imaginations of Italian voters. What was the peasant response to the communist lie about encouraging all religions? What attitude did the Italian people take toward the terror in Hungary?

Guareschi sets down the record, but not in bare statistics. He gives us the responses of the heart as seen in real men and women, with all their delightful possibilities of living humor and mistaken judgment.

The book opens with an embarrassment for Don Camillo. A monstrous statue of St. Babila stood in the church sacristy. It was six feet high and weighed over 300 pounds. No one remembered that devotion to St. Babila had once been

popular, or that the saint was a bishop. For generations, altar boys had hung their surplices on his extended arms and the incense pot on his fingers. All paint and ornament had been worn away, and the statue had become a chipped blob.

Don Camillo decides to do something about it. He can't very well break up the enormous thing. Nor does he have room to store it. The priest decides to give St. Babila a secret and clean burial in the nearby river.

In the middle of the night, with grunting and groaning, Don Camillo accomplishes the burial. St. Babila is sunk in the deepest pool of the river, but not until he has almost dragged Don Camillo in also.

The priest returns to the rectory, fancying himself undetected. But he has been seen by Smilzo, Peppone's shifty lieutenant.

Smilzo rushes to his boss. With a false cry of "sacrilege," the two men enlist the help of the party in fishing St. Babila from his watery grave. After days of labor, they succeed. St. Babila, enthroned on a litter, is escorted back to the church with a brass band and the entire village.

Don Camillo tries his best to preserve his composure, and is forced to find a place in one of the chapels for the battered statue.

Peppone is one up on the priest, but from this point forward the plot is heavily weighted in favor of the pastor. Once in a while, how-

ever, providence has to indicate to both men that they are too wily and enterprising for their own good.

Two episodes deserve special mention. The first deals with the decision of the bishop to send Don Camillo an assistant, who knows all the new methods of fighting the commies. Don Camillo cooperates with poor grace, until he discovers his curate's facility in playing soccer.

The second episode, perhaps the most deeply affecting chapter in the book, tells the story of what happened in the village after the rape of Hungary. A big gun from the central office appoints a day on which he will explain the plotting of the fascist elements in Hungary and the great kindness of the Russian army in saving Hungary for the democratic people's government.

What ensues is a situation compounded of laughter and tears. The communist hypocrisy is just too much for many of the villagers. Peppone's wife revolts. She tears up her party card, and takes refuge on the roof with her small children. The husband of the woman organizer, who had been doing all the housework, also revolts, and in a violent scene forces his wife to eat the 20 pages of a speech she has written for the occasion.

This new book about Don Camillo contains 21 laugh-making episodes; but I felt that you should have far more than this. I have added to it a second book, *Don*

Camillo and His Flock, another \$3 volume. Both books, bound up as one (published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, New York), are available to Catholic Digest Book Club mem-

bers for \$2.95, a considerable saving on a \$6 value. To join the club, write to the Catholic Digest Book Club, CD5, 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N.Y.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (PAGE 14)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1. martinet (mar-ti-net') | b) A stern master; after general noted for discipline (Jean Martinet). |
| 2. mesmerize (mez'mer-ize) | a) To hypnotize; after Viennese physician (F. A. Mesmer). |
| 3. cardigan (kar'di-gan) | e) A knitted worsted jacket; after English general (Lord Cardigan). |
| 4. Byronic (bi-ron'ik) | d) Proud, cynical, moody; from characteristics of the poet (Byron). |
| 5. hansom (han'sum) | c) A light, two-wheeled covered carriage; named after its English inventor (J. A. Hansom). |
| 6. thespian (thes'pi-an) | f) Relating to the drama; an actor; from reputed founder of Greek drama (Thespis). |
| 7. chauvinism (sho'vin-iz'm) | j) Fanatical patriotism; after soldier faithful to defeated Napoleon (Nicolas Chauvin). |
| 8. Fabian (fa'bi-an) | i) Cautious; indecisive; after Roman general who fought against Hannibal (Quintus Fabius Maximus). |
| 9. Machiavellian (mak-i-a-vel'i-an) | h) Characterized by political cunning; after Florentine statesman (Niccolo Machiavelli). |
| 10. boycott (boy'kot) | g) To refrain by concerted action from using or buying; after Irish land agent (Captain Boycott). |
| 11. wisteria (wis-ta'ri-a) | l) Flowering plant of woody vine pea family; named for an American scientist (Caspar Wistar). |
| 12. nicotine (nik'o-teen) | k) The active principle in tobacco; after man who introduced tobacco into France (Jean Nicot). |

(All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair)

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

The name of your magazine is *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*. No one doubts that it is Catholic, but some wonder why it is called a Digest. The answer is, "We digest."

For example, an author may write, "Fretting and fuming, my father, as I remember him, would let his anxieties possess him to the point where he would stare, eyes blank, for hours out of the window that overlooked our garden." Likely as not it gets changed to, "My father used to worry too much." Now you have seven words in place of 34, and the seven make better sense.

Here is another: "If you are a mother or a father and have a child in the second or third grade in school who can't read and spell, you'll probably sooner or later go to the school and complain that your child isn't being taught the letters and sounds."

This might appear as, "If your child can't read and spell, you'll probably complain to the teacher that your child isn't taught letters and sounds." Here you have 21 words saying what 46 rambled around saying. Like it better?

* * * *

Two years ago we started the Catholic Digest Book Club. It began with an announcement and an advertisement in the magazine. The "experts" said to me, "You cannot expect more than 2,000 people to join the club. If 4,000 join up, it will be little short of a miracle." The experts were confounded, because 7,000 of you became members! Now the club is doing just fine with 30,000 members. We think it is the largest Catholic book club in the U. S.

On the back cover, notice an advertisement for another club. I wish you would read it carefully, and, if you think it of interest, become a member.

Going on a pilgrimage is an ageless custom. In the 14th century, Chaucer had pilgrims go on horseback to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket in Canterbury. On the way they told the *Canterbury Tales*. This is the beginning of that classic:

*When April with his showers sweet with fruit
The drought of March has pierced unto the root
And bathed each vein with liquor that has power
To generate therein and sire the flower;
When many little birds make melody
That sleep through all the night with open eye
Then do folk long to go on pilgrimage.*

Most of us haven't got a horse, or the means of traveling to Canterbury or Lourdes or Fatima. Joining the club could be second best.



Father Bussard

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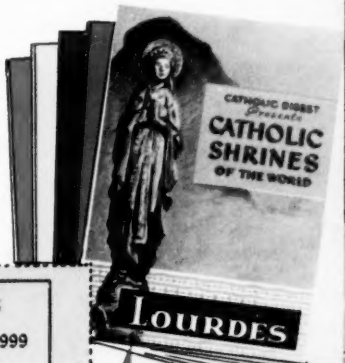
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